

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## CHRISTMAS, 1851.

### CHRISTMAS LOVE SPORTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. THOMAS.

HAD we the muse of Herrick, this subject, so delightfully depicted by our Artist, might be fitly described by us. He would have related how, while binding a garland, he found Cupid among the roses, took him and put him in his goblet, and drank him up with the wine. He would also have descanted on the Parliament of said Roses, and celebrated his mistress's riband as "the zonulet of Love." Ditties, anacreontic and bacchanalian, would we pen numberless, could we indite, like Herrick, a hymn to Venus or to Bacchus, a lyric to Mirth, or a canticle to Apollo. "Nobly wild, not mad," we would ask for our wine in crystal, and

Thus and thus  
Would see't in's puris naturalibus;

and so wisely love that one kiss should ensure incorruption and immortality. As was his to him, our Julia should be to us the "*Flammica Dialis*, or Queen Priest;" and hers the chaplet, the inarculum, the white vestures, in which

To appease  
Love for our very many trespasses.

These and a thousand pretty fancies, noble and chaste, should make our columns breath balm, myrrh, and nard; for we should express "all things sweetly and in comely wise," and tell how roses became red, violets blue, and lilies white; how Oberon had erected a fairy temple or chapel, built "without lime, or wood, or stone;" how, too, he gave a wondrous feast; and how, finally, he was taken half-tipsy to his bed, in the midst of his cavernous palace, so curiously edified and decorated.



Then, condescending (as the Scotch phrase it) to the humanities, we should scorn not to treat of charms and ceremonies; but to those of the Christmas do especial honour in mellifluous psalmistries, attuned to the praise of the vassal bowl and the yule-log, while the strong beer was drinking, and the white bread was cutting, and the meat was a shredding, and

The rare mince-pie,  
And the plums stood by,  
To fill the paste was a kneading.

But, whatever may be our loss in the want of such a patroness, this cheerful season of the year forbids us to droop with the muse of the old poet over the mausoleum of the past; and bids us with hope and confidence to turn to our own, where she stands wooing us with eyes and hands to trust in that perpetual inspiration which each human soul is as a fountain ever replenished. We willingly obey the summons—to "rejoice in the bride of our youth, by the suggestions of a sister art." Encouraged, moreover, by the quick to respond to so fair a prompting, and readily to exert its productive powers under the influence of a kindred sympathy.

Poetic may learn much from pictorial art. What to that is one, to this is many. Cupids are multiplied at will by the painter; the boy-god, like the Hindoo Keshava, divides his personalities, occupies all places at once, and fulfils every duty. Like the polyphonic, "Love," presents himself to us "in an omnium of shapes," and in a variety of occupations; and, indeed, from of old he boasted at least a duality: Eros and Anteros:—

Come, Genius! come—O winged child! away,  
And let us look on Cupid in her play.  
Bring with thee Will, and Pleasure bring with thee,  
And let us seek young Love—for where is he?  
—Young Love! Which Love? Lo, there twin brethren stand;  
Each like to each, as hand is like to hand!  
One Eros is—O!—verge thy name:  
Which wooes thy heart with most congenial claim?  
One pure and simple, with an upward look,  
Spells the blue heavens like an open book,  
Rapt as in ether's heights prepared to soar,  
Aspiring still beyond for evermore.  
The other, with a downward aspect bent,  
Reads the green earth and watery element,  
Pleased with the loved girl within the wave,  
And seeking there his languid limbs to lave.  
Choose now—for on thy choice how much depends:  
The earthly Love, or heavenly, thee attends.  
This, like an ardent sear, burns ever bars,  
With light and life, like flames from burial urns;  
What though beneath mere ashes perish, climb  
The lambent bonfire to a point sublime,  
Though fixed and bound to cinders dully wrought,  
To grace what else revolts the living thought.  
From base to apex, in perpetual play,  
Still chasing and chasing, each revolving ray  
Spouts in free air, the impetuous dust above;—  
Such privilege belongs to heavenly Love!  
—But his terrestrial brother, less divine,  
Falls—like heaven's flash on earth's polluted shrine—  
Smiles and consumes the altar's incense feast,  
And spends itself—consecrate a beast!  
Soon quenched, survives, its idol-worship done,  
Nought but a week abhorrent to the sun,  
Scorched flesh and bone, black relics of the slain—  
Rite superstitious, bloody, and profane,  
Nought lingers now on that neglected pyre  
But the sad issues of the extinguished fire.

Anteros was alike considered the god of mutual and of despised Love. He was sometimes represented as wrestling with Eros. On ancient works of art Cupid was frequently exhibited in a great variety of forms. Venus, on coins and gems, is often attended with the Graces and several Cupids. In more than one monument she is shown in a reclining posture, with Cupid resting his elbow on her lap, while the Graces are adorning her person, and two doves conduct her car on a cloud. Cupid is commonly represented with a bow and arrows, often with a burning torch, in his hand. His love for Psyche is the chief incident of his history and forms one of the most beautiful allegories of antiquity.

The ministrations of Love are indeed inexhaustible, and his dominion is universal. Nothing for him is too low or too high. The gifted vision of the artist seen stooping from the clouds, reaching down the mistletoe as signal for erotic sports to commence. Well may he do this, for above them St. George has gained his victory over the Dragon; and Merlin, with his wand, has diffused unnumbered spells through the air. All is mirth soon as the celestial sign appears. The sacred rites are introduced with music, and in an orchestra is provided, such as only could be dreamed of in an earthly-land. The table also is spread and the guests are invited, happily heaped for the assembled gods and others are dancing. Cupids are themselves with snap-dragon. Some of them, too, are amusing themselves with snap-dragon. Here is one with a bottle—we may guess everywhere mingling. Here is one with a bottle—we may guess what is in it: a merry Bacchanalian Cupid is he. Another of the same family, with a lemon; and another with the sugar-tongs; and a fourth with a ladle. We can readily interpret their important business. Nearly opposite are two Cupids engaged in transferring the pudding from the pot to the dish, and between these groups sit two sulky Cupids back to back. It is fair to believe that they repine only because they have no occupation, and have been forestalled in their desire to minister to this festivity.

The fancy is somewhat Oriental, for it is a belief in the East that the gods delight in assuming the form of servants, to wait in some menial capacity upon those to whom they intend good. A most moral belief in this, tending much to reconcile the various conditions of life. The season of Christmas is far from inapt to enforce such a moral. All is, in fact, in favour of it. In the hospitalities of this season, master and man, mistress and maiden, alike participate—one throws off dignity, the other rises to equality. It is the time of true fraternity, the age of unquestioned freedom. All manner of liberties are taken and allowed at this solemnity. Catholic and Protestant countries are alike in this, but in the latter it takes a more domestic form; in the former it delights in public pomp and ecclesiastical ceremony.

P.S. A correspondent, who writes to us on the "Christmas of the Past," has compiled some reminiscences of that same "public pomp and ecclesiastical ceremony" alluded to. We cannot do better than add to our article some of his illustrative paragraphs:—

Often must the remembrance of the Redeemer's lowly birth have cheered and supported the early Christians in their day of trial, and never could the "Gloria in excelsis" have sounded more solemnly beautiful than when heard in some lone dwelling or gloomy vault where two or three were gathered together in His name. Sad it is, indeed, that almost the earliest evidence we have of the keeping of Christmas-day should be the record of a great desecration of it, when, at the church of Nicomedia, a vast multitude who were assembled on the Feast of the Nativity were burnt at the command of Diocletian. Truly was the Church "by blood of martyrdom redeemed." But in the history of our Church a signal triumph of the faith happened, as the chronicler saith, "upon one day of Christ's Nativity, which, with the universal glorie of the Englishmen, is for ever celebrated, when 'Augustine did regenerate by lively baptism above ten thousand men, besides an innumerable multitude of women and young children. But what a number of priests and other holy orders besides could be sufficient to wash such a sort of people? Having hallowed and blessed, therefore, the river called in English Swale, the Archbishop (Augustine) commanded, by the voice of priests and masters, that the people should enter the river conveniently two by two, and in the middle held their right hands one another by turns." Hereupon the most gracious Pope Gregory, with all the companies of saints above breaking forth into joy, could not conceal this, but wrote unto Saint Eulogius, the Patriarch of Alexandria, that hee would most thankfully congratulate with him for so great an host baptized upon one Christmas-day.

Much as this narrative is disfigured by the superstition of the times, there is, nevertheless, a fervent spirit in the tale of this nameless chronicler that will serve as an apology for its introduction.

And in a political point of view the season is embellished by our Saxon forefathers, who held their wittenagemots under the "solemn sanctions and beneficent influences" of this holy time. We may recall

\* Pleasures of Genius. Part III.  
† Quoted by Camden.

that majestic assembly when in a hall of simple architecture dressed with holly, round the crackling wood fire, while the snow lay white on hill and field, and the yule-log blazed in every cottage, the primitive Parliament of England met.

There are two magnificent scenes somewhat akin in subject, but remarkable as the turning-points of vast events in the history of our own land and that of France, which both occurred on Christmas-days. The first picture rises before the mind's eye rich in association, grouping, costume: knights, prelates, nobles, pages are gathered round a throne, and by the Pope himself Charles, the renowned in romance and legend, is crowned "Emperor of the West."

The second coronation is in our own land. Doubt, rage, and apprehension are on every face, and the crowned King himself trembles; but yet the ceremony ends, and amidst gleaming arms, mitres, and croziers—the cry of woe rising with the voice of congratulation—the Norman line begins in England.

On a Christmas time, too, Becket fell; and it was on a Christmas-day that, in his own cathedral, he preached from a text to be so terribly verified three days after—"Veni ad vos mori uteris."

It was the Feast of the Nativity that the confederate Barons appointed for their great meeting with King John, they having on the preceding November solemnly placed themselves to demand redress of their Sovereign on the coming Christmas; and, if circumstances had not deferred the meeting, the establishment of England's liberties might have dated from a Christmas-day.

We have a touching proof of the blessed influence of this festival in the history of our wars in France, when, during the siege of Orleans, "the solemnities and festivities of Christmas gave a short interval of repose, the English lords requesting of the French commanders that they might have a night of minstrelsy with trumpets and clarions. This was granted, and the horrors of war were suspended by melodies that were felt to be delightful." But in later times war has not failed to desecrate this hallowed season, and even when peace on earth was proclaimed by the angelic choir, one of the bloodiest battles between the White Rose and the Red was fought at Wakefield. But the mention of that field recalls the memory of him in whose pages the scene lives for ever. It recalls one dear to poetry, to pageantry, to Christmas—in short, to everything English—William Shakespeare; and with his name is connected the Augustan age of English Christmases. Often were Shakespeare's dramas acted at this season, and the stately tragedies of history, or the mystical creations of fancy, were "played in jest by countering actors" before the great Tudor Queen. We never hear of Elizabeth forgetting the actors in her Christmas revels, for then

They thought it good to hear a play,  
And frame the mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

In the noble's hall my lady the Countess, and Bridget the farmer's wife, the heir of the broad acres, and the ploughman who tilled them, met on one day as equals; but there were no suspicious thoughts of "levelling principles," no malapropos guest ever suggested that property was robbery, and proposed an equal division of my Lord's possessions; the banquet was enjoyed, the ale circulated, and not a murmur was heard because some aspiring visitor was below the salt; every man knew his place; and, when the mummings, the dance, and the mistletoe succeeded, all the guests made up their minds to be merry, and with song, laugh, and wassail the "drear-nighted December" was made bright by the coming of Old Christmas; but the scene has been painted and described too often, and why should I

Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy  
Which linger yet among long Gothic arches,  
In dark green ivy and among wild larches,  
How sing the splendour of old revels,  
When butts of wine were drunk off to the lees?—KEATS.

With Elizabeth the festivities of Christmas declined. The "young courtier of the king" left his father's halls for the dissipations of London, and the gold that yore kept in the Christmas revel was lost at the gaming-table. This courtly extravagance and the civil wars to which it was the prelude quenched for ever the glory of English Christmases, and the gloom of Puritanism gave them a deathblow. But we regret not the glittering and noisy revel of the past; the Christmas of our ancestors was suited to their age, and our own mode of celebrating it is adapted to ours.

But the holiest thing in every recurrence was the awakened memory of the first great day. To the sincere believer in the early ages of the Church—to the mistaken though devoted priest in the days of Gothic darkness—to the earnest soldier who, through battle and toil, journeyed to the land that day had hallowed—to the hospitable baron, who in his own hall gathered his tenants round him on this festival—to the poor and homeless in every age and country—came the vivid remembrance of the shepherd-wordsippers of the Eastern sages led by that beacon star—the manger where they laid the incarnate Saviour—all the history came, and comes still, with kindly influence on every heart, the great origin of the religion of the poor. But we have done. The Christmases of the past bring lessons beautiful and true; and now over the whole of Christendom in stately temples raised to the worship of that lowly Child and sorrow, the anthem of joy and praise rises to celebrate the Christmas of the present. C. H. B.

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The wonders that filled the Crystal Palace are gone, passed away, like the hues of yesterday's rainbow. The strangers who, for awhile, met together as re-united members of the great human family, have gone to their several homes—gone, can it be doubted, with gentler thoughts towards one another—with enlarged hearts, and tenderer sympathies. For many a year will stories of the Crystal Palace pass from generation to generation; and, at length, the great marvel will become a lovely legend glittering far in the past, and with its mysterious lustre lighting 1851—a star upon the forehead of old Time. Books are things of generations—vital as flesh and blood, says the poet—and haply these pages may survive their century; when, to yet unborn eyes, the simple story of a simple traveller (as we give it below), a story told to one he loved, may add another record of the wonder-working influences of the Crystal Palace.

FROM ARTHUR LAMB, AT THE SARACEN'S HEAD, SNOW-HILL,  
TO MRS. DOROTHY LAMB, ST. BEES.

"Dear Doll,—Burn all my books of travels; put 'em in the fire for heretics and false witnesses. I have seen the world—as I said I would when I took my staff and bag, and kissed you with the tears in your eyes, at our cottage door of St. Bees—I have seen the world; have judged for myself; and the upshot is this: I love the world and all that's in it—yes, even you, dear Doll, whom I've loved for forty years next Michaelmas, and thought I couldn't love any better—I love you more than I did; and the reason is, my heart's bigger and softer; it has grown and mellowed under the Crystal, for all the world as a pumpkin grows under a glass frame.

"You know what I used to think of the world. You know how I used to bless myself that our lot was cast at St. Bees, far away from the strife and wickedness of the earth. You know how I used to look at foreign lands and foreign folks through books, just as a fair we look at wild beasts through iron cages; look, for all we know we're safe, look with a scornful eye upon 'em. But this came of travellers' books, all of which I say to you again—burn—burn—burn. Let 'em pass in

smoke through the chimney; and with them all the false and uncharitable thoughts they begot in us. For the world as it is—the real world—the beautiful world, filled like a honeycomb with sweetness, is shown as in a looking-glass, in the Crystal Palace!

"Providence, dear Doll, Providence by little birds teaches man that the blessings scattered throughout the world are only scattered for the benefit of all. A beautiful lesson, and I say it—little birds, if men will consider and listen to them—little birds are its blithe teachers. At one season singing in the north, at another shifting to the south; now giving us vernal and summer delights; and now carrying their song to softer regions. The swallow from the caves has, in all time, twittered this wisdom; and the world has begun to hearken to it.

"For the world has come together, and we see what a beautiful world it is—how made for the mutual comfort and the mutual enjoyment of all men. Not the world of travellers' books; but the real world—the working-day world, as shown in the Crystal Palace—the world that, with a brightening mind and growing heart, I have wandered over, now in one kingdom, now in another. But I will give you, in brief, my travels. Only a few sentences; the rest will serve for many a winter night, when the wind and the waves are roaring and tumbling without, and the fire burns all the brighter, as if in defiance of 'em.

"It was with a strange fluttering of the heart, with an odd lightness of spirit, that I took my way from my inn, and began my pilgrimage through swarming London—through London, for awhile, a caravan-sarai for all men of all nations. And there were thousands unable to say an intelligible word to one another, yet all feeling in their hearts the same big feeling, all showing in their faces the same one desire. The stranger could not give utterance to the stranger, but the universal breast swelled with the one great theme.

"As we wound through London, anticipation grew with every step. When should we see the Crystal Palace? When should we catch a first ray of its brightness? Would it satisfy us? Were we to be now in a fervour of delightful expectation, and now plunged in the cold waters of disappointment!

"Is THAT ALL?" Those three little syllables that, in this world, have so often tolled the knell of human hope, would they again have mournful utterance, telling of dead fancy? "Is THAT ALL?" Those three mischievous gent that, with a breath, break up the fairy vision that enchanted us, leaving us on a cold, barren heath—on the wide waste of a hard reality!

"With this thought the Crystal Palace glanced upon me! The great surprise flashed into my eyes and heart, and I seemed to grow with wonder. How vast, and yet how light! At once a wide-world temple and an exhalation! Wonderful the great stone pyramid, but how small to that mount of vitrified sand!

"Is THAT ALL?" With an uplifted heart, that swelled with the human triumph—for it was the conquest of my brother man—with a religious reverence for the brain that thought it, and the hands that fashioned it, I asked, almost in dreaming doubt—"Is IT ALL THAT?"

"After awhile I stood beneath the Crystal roof. I was one of the thousands, but for a moment felt of no more account in the multitudes than as one grain of sand to the million millions of grains that shone crystallised above and around me.

"And now, Dolly, after taking breath, now to tell you of my travels. Having baptized my new-born veneration at the Crystal Fountain, I turned at once into the kingdom of Tunis. You know what horrid stories have been written of Tunis? How they cut off heads there, and bowstring poor people; and how they kidnap young women, and sell 'em like turtle-doves? Travellers' tales, my dear Doll; travellers' tales. Not a bowstring did I behold; not a cry as from one in suffering and affliction, as surely a man bastinadoed—as it is called—must be. No female slaves; not so much as an infant in bondage. Nothing of the kind; nothing to shock the Christian mind, raised and softened by Christian practice; nothing but shawls and mantles, and goat-skins, and Arab shoes—that carry one away like the giant's forty-league boots—and pipes and lion-skins, and essences of quince, of benjamin, of aloes; and fids that would melt in the mouth; and ostrich feathers to tell us that all is vanity—for what a part, Doll, feathers have played upon the heads of the mighty, that are now mighty dust! And then there was grain of all sorts; lentils, that you read of in the Bible, and fennugreek, and coriander. And in the whole kingdom I beheld nought of unkindness or guile; for I will not dwell upon a certain khal, a collyrium with which the pretty ones of Tunis blacken their eyelids to make them killing. For, alas—Dolly mine!—have not the women of England their collyrium, though of another and a thousand other sorts? And so I left the kingdom of Tunis; having shaken hands with the Turk or Moroccan man, and shaken from my mind all travellers' tales, that would cast a shadow on a lovely and abounding climate.

"I next turned into China. What a patient and pacific people! And how they look on the very brightest and rosiest side of all matters; a sweet truth manifested in their porcelain! Beautiful are their mandarins, and unwrinkled their women! What an enviable eye have they for the outside of things, when the world of del is made a world of rainbows! Wise and benignant folk, who wreathe the hours of working-day life with the beauties of thought, and hang them with the fruits of the imagination! And then the carving! Are these ivory balls, these boxes, cut by human fingers? Surely not; they are eaten out by myriads of little ants, taught and disciplined by Chinese fairies. Sweet flowery kingdom! And it is of thee, China, that travellers tell tales of infant murder—of rapine and tyranny—and famine—and every sort of heathen brutishness! It is of thy millions of homesteads they tell stories of barbarity; how that thy houses are, from morning to night, and all night till dawn, filled with the wailing of baby-girls, whose feet have been snatched from the hand of nature by the hand of heathen brutishness, and crushed in an iron box—the young bones hardening in agony, the flesh and blood festering with fever. And it is of thee, China,—oh, land of legendary little feet,—travellers tell these tales! Where do travellers think they'll go to?

"Leaving China, I travelled through Switzerland. Here I found Time served with all honour and sacrificed to with precious offerings. Time made very beautiful. Not Time with his scythe—the mower of all fleshy grass—but Time with a thousand delicate clocks and watches, that ticked off the seconds and minutes with a silver sound, as precious things gone to make the past, that still make to mortal men their mysterious future. Here, in Switzerland, Time was made the most and best of; and his music—the music that the very planets roll by—now lightness and cheerful as the pulses of an infant's heart, and now sweetly solemn as a hermit's prayer. And of all people of the world the Swiss have a right to treat Time with reverence, for they have made Time go hand in hand with liberty. A thought twanged to my mind, by the long bows of labour of the Jura, with a thought of their arrows singing, as they fly, of William Tell.

"Spain was my next destination. Spain—according to wicked travellers—full of poverty and pride—Spain I found a place of blessedness. What a mighty wine-jar from Tobolsk! And from its odiferous mouth—nay, through every particle of it—there came such a delicious

\* Sharon Turner.



whiff that carried me back to nineteen. the delicious time when my bright life was still brightened by *Don Quixote*. I was again at Camacho's of wedding; again heard the hum of the guitar, again smelt the odour of flesh-pots. Spain! how teeming, how fertile is every step! What amber wheat—what saffron and yellow maize—Ah, Dolly! did such wool ever grow on what was doomed for earthly mutton? Is it not the wool of Arcady—(you remember in our days of courtship when I read to you—Sir Philip Sidney?)—a wool fed upon crocus and asphodel, and shepherded by Apollo? Away from these are the swords of Toledo. There was one mortal length of steel tied in a knot to manifest its good temper—coiled like a sleeping snake—and I thought it the very kind of weapon to be shown in such a place, and at such a time! Yes—dormant war, torpid homicide—laid in a long trance. And a sword so tied and twisted appeared to me all the fitterment after I had looked upon some bright steel cannon in Austria; cannon with stupid, open mouths, gaping as in brute wonder at the world of peace and industry about them. And then the diamonds of the Queen of Spain! how pure and brilliant, and beautiful! Magnificent Spain! and it is of this, delicious country, that the evil-minded tell tales of misery and bloodshed, of craft and theft? Is it this, Heesperiden Garden, that men blacken with words of broken faith and broken bonds?

"My travels in Russia filled me with amazement and delight. There were doors of malachite—doors fit to be the gate to the Temple of Justice! doors of unalloyed gold and everlasting green. And these from Russia; from that frost-bitten piece of earth that to think of was to shiver to the toes! And what wonderful jewels! Precious stones, carved into grapes, with the wine bloom upon them. And then the grain! Wheat and barley, and millet and rye! What masses of iron, too! And no chains—no fetters—no models of Siberian mines, where too the slanderous and evil-minded report—the heart of the exile withers and breaks! No; all here is beautiful, or strong; all free, vigorous, and kindly. Mighty Russia! mighty in thy natural riches, and mighty in thy wisest guiltness! I looked for the knout, and I found ropes of tobacco!"

"In Austria all was industrial goodness. What furniture! There was a bedstead whereupon Bellona herself might sleep, and dream of Hungary filled with peace and happiness. Vast, indeed, was Austria; but somehow she had a knack of writing her own name upon the goods of other nations! Or wherefore should she take to herself the gentle doings of the silkworms of Milan—wherefore lay her grasping hand upon the Amazon and Tiger, a triumph of the art of Hungary?"

"In France the arts flourished, without a red spot of glory to blot and taint them. And what a land is Algiers! And how delighted poor Abd-el-Kader must feel when France keeps her word, and no longer keeps the Arab!"

"And so, my dear Dolly, I wandered from country to country; and from Tartary to Australia—from Sweden to Peru—every step of the way was a path of festivity and beauty. Every object had its claim upon human attention, as a sort of deputy, a representative, sent to the great congress of peace, preaching amity and good-will to all men."

"And now, dear Dolly, I feel that I have been all over the world, beholding all countries in their time of Jubilee; seeing—as Mr. Canaan, our curate, whom I met here in New Zealand, says—seeing that in the year 1851 is foreshadowed in Crystal the reality of no very distant future; when all nations shall be linked together in the lasting bonds of peace, and war be thought of as we now think of cannibalism—man-killing and man-eating being alike monstrous and impossible."

"And now, Dolly, I have nothing to do—being very tired—but to remain your affectionate husband and faithful traveller,"

A. LAMB.

"P.S.—I shall bring you home the Koh-i-noor in glass; which is no other than the diamond adapted to the lowest capacity of pocket. Quite as good—judges tell me—as the real stone, with the superior advantage of cheapness."

## KING BRONTO'S DAUGHTER;

### OR, THE SCHOLAR-KNIGHT.

BY A. R. MONTALBA.

Bygone days, and in a certain portion of the globe, reigned a monarch who possessed an only daughter. She was called Lindamira, and her beauty was so exquisite that she was the sole theme of conversation amongst the inhabitants of all other kingdoms and empires. Wherever she was expected to appear, thither flocked the whole population, and there they waited, day and night, with the same praiseworthy patience which we admire now-a-days in the people of highly-civilised nations, when they assemble in anxious expectation of witnessing the execution of a murderer. Lindamira was the morning star, the harbinger of approaching joy and prosperity. On the near approach of her seventeenth birthday, which happened on the day named Plum-pudding, in the annals of that distant and antediluvian age, the King resolved to celebrate the important epoch with all possible magnificence, and caused a tournament to be announced, to which all Princes and knights were ceremoniously invited. The tournament was to be followed by balls, theatricals, fireworks, owl and rat fights, and all imaginable festivities, games, and entertainments.

Whilst the preparations for the festival were going on in the empire of King Bronto, all manner of persons, invited and uninvited, heroes and siliers, attracted by its widely-spread fame, arrived in the capital. Amongst others came the renowned knight, Lancelot of the Yellow Tower. He derived his name from his castle, the ramparts of which were composed solely of lemons slit open, that by constantly discharging their juice into the rum which flowed in the moat from a natural spring, like the alcohol or asphaltine ones in Georgia, consisting of sugar, produced most excellent punch. It must be needless to observe that this is not in accordance with the ordinary course of nature. It was, in fact, the work of a benevolent fairy, who—it was to be known how many hundred or thousand years before—had, by this feat, agreeably amused one of Lancelot's ancestors on his birthday; and as this punch prized one of the marvellous gift of reconciliation to such an extent that even the greatest foe of the Yellow Tower race, so soon as he had taken a hearty draught of it, became so warm a friend that whatever was said or done by a member of the Yellow Tower family seemed in his eyes good and praiseworthy, it will not be thought surprising that the race lived from generation to generation in the profoundest peace. The fiery Lancelot was, however, much annoyed by this circumstance, and he seized the opportunity afforded by King Bronto's festival to indulge himself at least in warlike sport, since war in earnest could not approach him.

The tailor who was to adorn the knight for the occasion, and the saddler who prepared the accoutrements of his charger, were both behind time, so that he was the latest amongst all the knights in reaching King Bronto's domain. What was the astonishment of Lancelot when, instead of the expected joy and merriment, he found everywhere the marks of the deepest affliction! The roads were covered with black cloth, the horses were shod with felt; every tree was shrouded in a veil; the houses were bordered with black, like mourning letter-paper. Before one of them stood a signpost, on which was painted a raven, and beneath it the words "To Sadsack!" Lancelot perceived that this was an inn. In spite of the ominous sign which swung to and fro in the air like a board of invitation to economically-disposed travellers, Lancelot pulled up his horse, for he was very hungry, not having yet breakfasted; besides which, he was very desirous to learn the cause of such extraordinary marks of woe. The host appeared, and Lancelot was not a little surprised on perceiving that he wore on his mouth a sordine, such as trumpeters use to diminish the shrillness of their instrument.

"Are you crazy, worthy host?" cried Lancelot, "what queer thing is that you have got upon your mouth?"

The host replied, with much seriousness, "Your Grace, your Excellency, your Royal Highness, or by whatever title of respect I ought to address you, I must entreat, first of all, that you will not speak so loud, and that you will abstain from laughing, inasmuch as this is prohibited on account of the affliction that prevails throughout the land. As to the sordine, I beg to inform your Grace that, in my zealous sadness, I have

imposed it upon myself. I am much in the habit of talking to my various highly-respected customers of myself and my occupation; and on such occasions I am apt, like authors when speaking of their own compositions, to get rather loud. In order, therefore, that I may not violate the edict, I stifle the sound of my voice by means of this sordine. I perceive that your grace wishes to inquire—why is mine host so sad? I reply, most humbly, that your Grace will learn this more satisfactorily at the court of his Majesty King Bronto; my grief is too deep to allow of my explaining the cause, otherwise than by singing, and the sordine does not admit of this. Has your Grace any commands?"

"I should like to have breakfast," said Lancelot.

"What would your grace like?" resumed the host; "a German breakfast? *déjeuner à l'allemande*?"

"During my residence in London I used to take green tea, and am very particular about having fresh butter. Let me have the same now."

"Your grace will excuse me," replied the host, "but since the general mourning black tea only is taken, and the butter is mixed with anchovy paste, in order to take off its naturally white hue, which is not in accordance with mourning."

Thus saying, the host rang a bell, and a black face appeared at the window, to the possessor of which the host communicated the knight's commands, and then pursued his domestic duties. "I observed that your grace was surprised to see my sign and my black waiter. The first was originally a white pigeon, and the legend 'To Mirth.' The waiter's face, however, cost me a prodigious sum of money. It cost the French polisher three whole days' work before he could give it its present fine ebony hue. I have done my utmost, but still my display of mourning is very trifling compared with what may be seen elsewhere. We have cast 'the trappings and the garb of woe' over all nature; no horse may neigh under penalty of a three days' deprivation of oats; the birds are only to sing in flats on pain of banishment; bakers and cooks are ordered to burn their productions till they are black, or to consume them in their families. It is even reported that the stage actor is occupied in endeavouring to blacken the sky for a whole week; and I am told that a great natural philosopher thinks that he has discovered the means of separating the light of the sun's rays from their heat, so that the light shall remain in the upper regions, and only the heat reach us."

By this time Lancelot had finished his breakfast, and asked for the bill.

"A mere trifle," said the host; "I would ask only for three clever thoughts."

Lancelot fancied he had mistaken the host, but the latter resumed—"I propose purchasing a new annual next year; your grace would scarcely believe how very rarely clever thoughts are to be found in publications of this nature; and, with the hope of obtaining some, I put all my guests in requisition."

Lancelot drew out a packet of his poems, and flung it to the host, with the words, "There is payment for at least three months."

The man put them into a sieve, shook it, and all the poems fell through.

"Your grace will excuse me, but there is not a single thought amongst all these—mere chaff."

Lancelot now threw into his commonplace book. The host shook the sieve again, only the blank sheets remained above—all those on which there was any writing went through.

"Upon these," said the host, "I will write a humorous tale. I accept these in the place of clever ideas. Farewell," he cried; and the knight rode off.

When Lancelot arrived at the palace, he found all the illustrious visitors collected in the grand hall. He dismounted and joined them. King Bronto was seated on his throne, and thus addressed the assembly: "Fair and valiant knights and princes, Shakespeare says in his tragedy of *Hamlet*, which you all have, or at least all ought to have, read,

"With one auspicious and one dropping eye,"

Although the individual who is represented as uttering these words is not in any respect to be compared with me, inasmuch as he was worthless, whilst I am virtuous, I cannot refrain from making some remarks upon these words, which are entirely applicable to my present condition. I request, therefore, your attention and patience, upon neither of which I shall make any heavy demand, for, though I propose to divide my discourse into two parts, I shall not only treat them briefly, but I am also, as is known, an eloquent speaker. You will hear, therefore, much that is grand and beautiful.

"Wherefore is one of my eyes 'auspicious'? Because of my daughter. What has she done, or what has befallen her? That is the question. Now my daughter has a parrot, which is very dear to her. This parrot has already, for a great, I might say an unknown, length of time, been an inhabitant of our residence. By some he is supposed to be an unsuccessful author, for he is incessantly uttering his own praises; others assert that he is a discontented politician on account of his always trying to bite. Many think he must be a wit who has retired from the world to the privacy of a cage, because his jests are no longer found entertaining. It is, however, certain that both he and the Princess Lindamira, my daughter, always say the same things, and at the same moment, from which my poet laureate infers that the parrot is Lindamira's double or second self. It is suffice that the Princess, being desirous to immortalise this bird, resolved on working a piece of tapestry, in which her needle should represent him in different attitudes. Just as she had completed the first portrait an ape suddenly entered the chamber. By what means no one could tell, for he was not announced by either the chamberlain or any of the ladies in waiting. He held in his mouth a Chinese doll, which had an umbrella in its hand, which he threw down at the Princess's feet. The Princess gazed on the image in astonishment and admiration, and she and the parrot exclaimed simultaneously, 'These two figures must also be embroidered in the tapestry' and Lindamira forthwith set to work. In the evening, when I present myself at the tea-table, they were already both completed. We were quite alone excepting my son-in-law, a handsome young Chinese. I remarked, as he presented a cup of tea to the Princess, that she looked at him very earnestly; but, as it is her habit to look very attentively at handsome young men, I did not suspect anything amiss. The young page, however, was dazzled by the brightness of her gaze, that he poured the contents of the cup over her dress. 'This proof of sentiment shall be immortalised,' exclaimed my daughter, and the same evening she retired to her summer palace, whilst I went to the theatre. At bedtime my Chinese page attended upon me as usual, but in undressing me he made use of one hand only.

"I thought that the master of the household had ordered it to be struck off for having been guilty of some awkwardness whilst waiting; but the page said that was not the case, but that his other arm had disappeared, he could not tell how. I desired him to have it publicly cried, as is usually done when things are lost; but whilst I was still speaking his other arm disappeared. I sent for my head physician, whose office it is to put on my night-cap, intending to consult him on this singular malady, but by the time he arrived the pages legs had also vanished. 'How can I cure him?' cried the physician, 'I can no longer feel his pulse. It is, however, possible that a violent spasmodic affection may have contracted his arms and legs into his body, and some powerful stimulus to promote reaction must be applied. The most effective method of proceeding will be to whip him with nettles.'

"Before, however, the superintendent of the palace gardens had brought the nettles from the conservatory the body of my page had disappeared, and only his head remained visible, and that also vanished by degrees—first the forehead, next one eye, and then the other. When the last eye had departed the mouth exclaimed, 'Now I see my lost limbs: the Princess is working me into her tapestry.' The mouth continued for a time in motion, as though it were endeavouring to speak; but at length it also disappeared. I dreamt the whole night that I saw a hundred months in my chamber, incessantly opening and shutting; and, when I awoke, a pale and excited chamberlain, belonging to my daughter's establishment, entered and informed me that a dreadful event had occurred. I immediately assembled all the members of my council, and, attended by them, went out to convince myself of the truth of what had been reported to me.

"I must here request you, my respected and beloved hearers, to note how truly Demosthenic my discourse has hitherto been, and in how masterly a manner I parenthetically interrupt my address at the moment of the highest interest, in order to excite your sympathy. "Let us proceed, or rather, to exhibit my powers of rhetoric, we have already proceeded, and now stand in the Princess's summer palace. Behold her stretched on a couch in all the radiance of her beauty, but in a deep swoon, from which nothing can awaken her! The tapestry lies at her feet, with my Chinese page embroidered into it, in the very attitude in which he was when the Princess fixed her glance upon him as he handed her the tea. Precisely as the Palace clock struck the midnight hour the parrot began to sing, the ape springs out of the tapestry, draws on a pair of yellow gloves, and offers his hand to the Princess. Lindamira rises, bends to him, and now they commence the most extraordinary dances—gavottes, waltzes, polkas, the schottische, galoppes, or redowas, as they are called. The beauty of their dancing can only be compared to that of Cupid and Psyche. This continues for a whole hour, when a shower of tea begins to fall. The page lifts his hand in order to catch the tea in the cup, but the Chinese puppet starts out of the tapestry, and spreads the umbrella over him, so that the tea cannot fall into the cup. The page whimpers for a while, and then all the figures sink again into the tapestry, the Princess again reposes on her couch, and remains in that condition till the following midnight. Now, gentlemen, you know why the one is 'auspicious' whereas the other is 'dropping' you shall be informed in the second part of my discourse."

Here King Bronto paused, and, after having allowed full time for himself and his audience to cough and hawk to their satisfaction, he thus proceeded:—"Amongst other excellent institutions founded by me for the public benefit is the 'Supreme College,' exclusively devoted to matters of enchantment. To this college I applied for counsel, and am informed by it that the extraordinary event I have just related is the work of the enchantress Lucenera, and the product of her romantic studies. Through diligent study of the records of enchantment, it has been ascertained that by an enactment of considerable antiquity a princess under the spell of romantic enchantment can only be freed therefrom by the agency of some knight of whom it can be proved, a knight, after having been through his collegiate with credit or otherwise, as may be, he, after becoming his own master, shall have actually read through some one classical author, either Greek or Roman, within twenty years after such emancipation. The college closed its report with the observation, that, in consequence of the above statement, the deliverance of the Princess, although possible, is, however, highly improbable, as the College of Magic is under the necessity of acknowledging that it is not aware of the existence of a single young lord who responds to this condition."

"I might now conclude my discourse by asking you in plain terms whether there is one amongst you competent to disencumber the Princess, and at the same time promise, in case of his being successful, to bestow on him her hand. But every discourse ought to be concluded by a heart-stirring peroration, and of this I will not deprive my audience."

"Noble-hearted youths! have you comprehended the condition on which the rescue of the Princess depends? If there be one amongst you able to fulfil it, let him come forward! Let him not be ashamed to confess that in a moment of weakness he has once turned aside from the poetry of romance to give attention to a writer of antiquity. Nature has her caprices; why should not taste also have hers? Oh! come forward, thou highly-favoured youth, who, through moments of weakness, hast won the highest bliss of life, the fair hand of the Princess Lindamira! I now surmise to guess I could dilate on her charms until your heart would grow brighter than the sun approaching comet of 1811; at the more attractive than the total eclipse of the sun in 1851; more descriptive and marvellous than the Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, prospected for the same remarkable year. Already I perceive your noble ardour, as you wait with impatience scarcely to be restrained till I shall have finished my oration, that you may offer yourself as her deliverer; already I hear a low approving murmur; already I see you rise from your seat to make the great confession; no longer will I restrain your noble ardour. Come forward, thou noble-hearted! Forward, forward, forward! Dixit!"

Unbroken silence prevailed throughout the assembly. Not an individual rose from his seat. The listeners looked at each other in utter embarrassment; till, after a painful interval, Lancelot, the knight of the Yellow Tower, stood up, and thus addressed the King:—"I never read the classics; nevertheless, it may be in my power to set the Princess free. Some time ago I was troubled by an inability to sleep at night, and it occurred to the secretary who was at that period in my service to read Sallust aloud to me. I listened to him for many nights, but so obstinate was my complaint that my wakefulness would not even be vanquished by that, although he was so persevering that he usually read the whole book to me. Nay, I have even beginning to take a fancy to the work which he read."

"This I put to flight both Sallust and my wakefulness. I will try my fortune with the fairy Lucenera. If I do not succeed, so be it."

The King clasped the noble knight to his breast; the president of the College of Magic furnished him with a "Bradshaw" and all Murray's Guide-books, and the following morning found him already at a considerable distance from Bronto's residence.

Night surprised him on a wide heath; a solitary tree spread wide its shady branches, and at its foot sat a young man beside a remarkable-looking maiden, both reading the same book. Lancelot, rode up, and recognised the secretary who had read Sallust aloud to him.

"Welcome, noble knight!" exclaimed the latter; "whither ride you?"

Lancelot dismounted, and confided to him the purpose of his journey.

"Be of good cheer," said the secretary, "we will assist you; but first take breakfast with us; we can offer you delicious coffee."

Whilst the lady made some passes in the air, whereupon an elegantly set-out coffee-table descended from the clouds, Lancelot inquired her name.

"She is the celebrated enchantress Emira, she who is endeavouring to restore the taste for classical literature in Fairy-land, and I am engaged as her philosophical professor and reader."

"Breakfast, sir knight," said the secretary, "is waiting for you. Behold in me a prettiness of the Princess, because she, at least, bought the last translation of Pindar, although she has not yet read it. Lindamira cannot be freed from her charmed sleep until the Chinese page shall have collected in a cup the tea which I daily cause to fall in a shower in her chamber, and presented it to her; and before this can be effected, you must remove the Chinese image with its umbrella. My friend, your former secretary, shall accompany you, and I hope will be able to assist you. Farewell, my beloved!" continued she, turning to the secretary; "write to me by every post—how you are, and if you still love me. When you shall have accomplished your undertaking, return to my residence. During your absence I will occupy myself on a new commentary on one of the books of the 'Iliad.' Farewell!" She gave him her hand to kiss, and vanished.

"Courage, sir knight," said the secretary; "all will prosper. I am well acquainted with the fairy Lucenera. She is an authoress; and Lucenera is only the assumed name under which she indicates Fairy-land with her productions, and by which she fancifully indicates that she intends by means of ink to diffuse light throughout the elfin world. Take me up on your horse, I will be your agent, and manage the affair for you. I have just been reading 'Lucian of Samosata,' and feel within me humour sufficient."

The knight was well pleased, and they pursued their journey.

After riding some time, they perceived a but at some distance from the road; it was Lucenera's dwelling. She was seated at the door paring potatoes. As the travellers approached she rose and saluted them courteously.

"Be not surprised at finding me thus employed," said she; "I am at present engaged in writing a pastoral epic, and, in order to acquire the true Walter Scott style, I have resolved to perform with my own hands all the processes I describe. When the kind of labour, however, is too severe for my delicate frame, I substitute for the real action a species of poetic infatuation; in other words, go about for an hour making gesticulations, as though I were mowing or chopping wood, &c. To what am I indebted for the honour of your visit?"

"This gentleman," replied the secretary, pointing to Lancelot, "is in the book-selling line, and desires greatly to publish an idealistic, humorous romance, by your artistic pen."

"Ah!" sighed the Fairy, whilst a gentle blush tinged her cheek, you give me inexpressible pleasure—you do me too much honour; but I have at present no work of the kind by me, and am quite unable to



produce one, for my humorous genius has fled from me, and has stolen my ideal."

"Stolen your ideal?" inquired Lancelot, with surprise.

"Unquestionably," answered Lucenera. "Are you a bookseller, and know not that the purely positive, the absolute real, is now the rage? I provided myself, therefore, with a positive ideal, a Chinese puppet with an umbrella; really a charming thing, I assure you; but my humorous, which I had rendered objective in the form of an ape, took rudeness at all the ill-natured, envious criticisms with which the reviewers waged war against him, and the ideal. And so he carried off my ideal, has fled from me, sworn, by the printer's ink, an oath as dreadful as that of the gods by Styx never to return to me until I shall have produced something that all the reviewers shall commend; and that I can never hope to do, owing to the martyrdom to which in my just indignation I have consigned their condemnatory pages. Only look here!"

She opened the door of her study: there lay a literary journal, the whole series transcribed by a dagger. A sheet of another periodical was powdered with arsenic; three lines from a third arm in sulphuric acid. All the tortures assigned by Dante to the souls in perdition were exhausted on these sheets. "Thus does Lucenera avenge her wrongs," was inscribed in transparent letters on the hangings of the apartment.

"But on him, too, my faithless humoristic, on my ideal, and on his present mistress, I have also taken fearful vengeance," continued Lucenera; "I have"—here the pseudo-publisher interrupted her. "This gentleman," said he, turning to the secretary, "possesses the means of reconciling you to the reviewers." "Can it be possible?" cried the Fairy—"oh, speak, speak!" The secretary thus addressed her: "You are probably aware that numerous handbooks of geography are in existence. Be so obliging as to turn to the article 'Yellow Lower,' and you will find under that head a full description of the celebrated punch most. This gentleman makes it over to you. You will invite all critics and reviewers to a punch feast, and, until the most shall be drained dry, not one will again molest you, and your genius of humour and your ideal will in consequence gladly return to you."

No sooner said than done.

This favourable reception induced the ideal and the humoristic to return to the fairy Lucenera; but their images remained behind worked into the tapestry. When the next shower of tea descended, the page was enabled undisturbed to catch it in his cup. He presented it to the Princess, who drank it, and then the spell was dissolved. The page then tore open his vest and displayed a brilliant star on his breast. He was in fact a Prince. "Princess, dost thou love me?" he exclaimed; and the Princess replied, "Yes, Prince, I do love thee!" King Bronto felt a little embarrassed, for he had promised her hand to whomsoever should set her free; but Lindamira espoused that she would sooner fall again under the spell than espouse any other than her beloved. Lancelot now spoke, and released the King from his promise. "A noble action is its own reward," added he; "nevertheless, I request you to give me as a souvenir the cup which the Prince held before he was stitched into the canvass." "Take it," said the Prince; "your modest wish brings you good fortune. The cup possesses two remarkable properties: if a maiden drink from it, she is constrained to love its possessor. If, however, he drinks from it, he will have on that day as much gold as he may wish for. Lindamira loves me, and I have in my own country one hundred cubic miles of the purest gold; the cup, therefore, is of no importance to me."

Lancelot replied, "So much the more valuable is it to me. I was aware of its properties, and for that reason gave it the preference."

The secretary asked as his reward for a copy of the lost books of Livy, and went straight back to Emira to pursue his studies with her. Bronto, the Prince, and Lindamira went off to Lucenera's punch feast, where they resolved to celebrate their nuptials. Every road was thronged by the nation of Reviewers.

It seemed as if all mankind were performing a pilgrimage. What occurred to the three travellers there we are at present unable to say; we have lost sight of them, for the crowd increases day by day, and the nation is still drinking; but, since we as yet have no clear vision to our Christmas dinner, and no prospect of either roast beef or pudding at home, with the certainty that the punch still will be there, and in the probability of finding a solution of the whereabouts of our dramatic persons, we intend journeying thither.

## STANLEY MORTIMER;

A TALE OF MENTAL ACTION.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS.

### PART I.

MOUNTAIN solitudes, wide wildernesses, the sands on the seashore, desolate heaths, or other of the grander scenes of nature, are not invariably needed by the Child of Imagination for the growth and maturity of the power. The special gift may find appropriate aliment in the simplicity of a country lane, or the gentle elevation of a suburban hill. The life of the town, even, with an occasional rural walk, may be sufficiently suggestive; and the sublime faculty, from the merest hints and commonplaces, construct its peculiar world.

Never was the truth of this proposition more fully illustrated than by the early experiences of Mr. STANLEY MORTIMER. In the pleasant village of Infern, one of the pleasantest, indeed, in the county of Middlesex, he progressed from childhood to boyhood, the tenant of an humble cottage, under the care of a peasant foster-nurse. Orphaned by one parent, and neglected by the other, the Motherless Boy was left to shape his course as he would, or as the kindly caprices of nature might direct. On a dull mind her loftiest scenes are ineffective; with the sensitive soul her meanest are creative.

In that cottage his mother had died, the victim of an unloving husband whose mercantile habits had made him too stern for the domestic affections. During the long period of her declining health and sickness, she had amused herself with some choice books, which, after her death, were left on the bookshelves suspended by the wall of that unostentatious dwelling. From some of these she had taught the lad to read; and they still continued dear to him, as the mother's legacy to her visionary boy.

Yes, Stanley Mortimer was from his infancy of what is called a visionary turn of mind. He was fond of seclusion and solitude, his walks were lonely, and he loved to wander in the unfrequented places of the fields and hedgerows. Many a gleam of running water, like a sunbeam in the ground, had he detected, where the wild rose and the briar grew wildest and thorniest. Often, too, the errant branch of some eccentric elm would form a sort of rude impromptu bridge over an unnoted runnel of water, on whose uncertain footing it would be the boy's pride to venture an unexpected transition from the trodden ways into the unpathed fields, where, though to tread was to trespass, there was none to warn the intruder. Here and there, too, the stream, fretting a channel, would meet with impediment, and so construct the minute image of a waterfall that gave the most distant idea possible of Niagara; yet was it potent with the fancy, and fascinated the opening mind like Lord Byron's description of the Falls of Velino. Then, too, the vision of wild flowers and buttercups, of bud and blossom, around, beneath, and above, made the common fields a paradise to a fancy predisposed to enjoyment; an intelligence unprovided with better and undesirous of other objects.

Nature, in fact, both in her humblest and highest aspects, is suggestive. In this, she observes the true law that should govern a work of art. Her less things conduct the imagination to the greater, and her greatest still lead us on to guess at the infinite.

Simple nutriment like this sufficed for the time the nascent or, at best, infant mind. Stronger meat might be needed in its manlier epoch; but the pure milk of nature, in her most domestic mood, nourished and warmed the maturing boy, whom inexperience of the world had yet left almost a child.

In this most unexciting of all modes of living, Stanley Mortimer found the greatest excitement, whilst other boys in the village found none. One of them was an idiot; and the rest, with a single exception, were such dullards as clouds of the valley usually are. But then one and all wanted that background to their experience which Stanley Mortimer had the good fortune to enjoy. What was that? A small store of books left on the cottage shelves by his dear mother.

Happily, the books, though few, were all good. Never was a more select assemblage: there was Spenser's "Faery Queen," and Milton's poems, with the Bible; also, strangely enough, a copy of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," Chamberlayne's "Pharonida," and Shakespeare's poems and sonnets, but not his divine dramas, together with Fairfax's translation of Tasso, and Chapman's Homer. Truly, a singular collection; and for the materials to serve as the groundwork in building up and educating an individual mind, such as would scarcely have been provided by the schoolmaster, abroad or at home, yet calculated to impart both strength and ease to an active intellect.

By these secret treasures various faculties were awakened—wonder, admiration, love, curiosity, hope, fancy, faith, imagination, pure intellect, and the ideal reason. Taste was generated by the wizard touch of genius. Stanley Mortimer carried with him into the fields the feelings with which he was inspired in the closet by these sacred volumes. Thus to him was the common meadow so much enchanted land; and wayside objects, no longer trivial, acquired an importance that made them look like angel visitants to an earth where they were strangers.

Vain it would be to enlarge on these emotions; the only singularity in the present case, if one indeed it were, consisted in their being connected with ordinary scenes and events. It was not that to Stanley Mortimer "high mountains were a feeling;" but that even the modest and level pasture was a passion. Not that he rhapsodised on its charms; for scarcely is that the most creative genius which expatiates on nature's beauties, but that which utters most melodiously the inner sentiments of the human spirit. Let the poet speak but one word significant of these, and we at once acknowledge his credentials. He knows

our secret, and we are conscious that he knows it. From that moment we are his bondmen.

But Stanley Mortimer was not destined to grow up a poet, though his imagination was thus stimulated. It took the direction, not of literary amateurship, but that of practical character. His fancy was prepared to act on objects in its own way, with earnestness and sincerity borrowed from the depth of the affections. His readings and meditations had imparted a strange eloquence to his speech, which, when on themes he loved, became a sort of discursive, such was the choice of phrase and the rhythmical arrangement of words. On other topics he was silent and reserved, and for half a day together would not utter a syllable, engaged either with his book or in moody contemplation.

Such had been the daily course of the life of the Child and of the Boy. Such was now also that of the Youth.

Stanley Mortimer was, at the time of which we are writing, sixteen years of age. It was the month of July. From the middle of this to that of August his father, Mr. Travers Mortimer, was accustomed to visit and stay at the cottage for the sake of air and country exercise. On these occasions he usually brought with him a young lady, a distant cousin, about the same age with Stanley, to whom a month out of town was a desirable holiday. Her parents numbered among his very few friends, and he cherished a strong desire that their families might be united. This, perhaps, was his secret reason for thus annually throwing the young couple together. If it were, however, he never divulged it.

Such an apparition was one to be expected and delighted in; and Stanley looked forward to the coming of Alice Grey with anxious joy. She was an only child. Her father was a thriving clothier in Whitechapel. As she had hitherto only moved among the limited circle of his acquaintance, this young lady could only dream of the manner of life beyond. Her ideas were, of course, few; but credit would be given to Alice Grey for more intelligence than she possessed; since, while she was by nature taciturn, her deep black eye was bright and flashing. The damsel, too, had the coal-black hair of an enthusiast; and her features, though comely, were dark of hue. Notwithstanding her complexion, by many she was esteemed beautiful; for her countenance, though she said nothing, was frequently expressive. Moreover, that she was not without aptitude, her skill on the piano testified. Such was Alice Grey.

The day for the arrival of the merchant and his temporary ward had now arrived. By one o'clock the coach had reached the village; and Stanley was at the Goat Inn to give welcome to two of its passengers, his father and the dark-eyed Alice.



A visitation like this gives sudden interest and animation to a rural village. Character and importance supervene at once upon the still life of the scene. The burly coachman, well wrapt up and defended from the weather, no longer seated on the coach-box, treads the earth like a Monarch descended from his throne, but still wielding his whip for a sceptre; while the ostler, ascending to the roof of the vehicle, busies himself with the luggage, an object of anxiety to the outside passenger, whose interference, nevertheless, in his temporary pride of place, he is almost disposed to question. Movements such as these, however, scarcely attracted the attention of the persons of our story. Yet, whatever were the feelings of pleasure attending this meeting, they were attested by no extravagant demonstrations. Simple greetings and simple inquiries, with a gentle pressure of the hand, sufficed all three. Side by side they walked down the lane, and were silent until they had entered the woodbine cottage. Dinner was soon prepared and despatched; and, while the moody merchant diverted himself with his favourite pipe, Stanley and Alice took a walk into the village.

For a considerable while, Alice, always reserved, was mute; and Stanley, agitated by different feelings, felt himself at a loss for a topic. But when he began to speak his discourse soon had reference to his books, and his language had a flow and a learned argument which, transcending the limits of her habitual thinking, had the effect of making Alice still more reserved than before. But, while she wondered at her companion, she was more puzzled than pleased.

That brief walk over, they returned in ample time for the tea, which, after dinner, promotes so well both the purposes of digestion and of conversation.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. Mortimer, "and what did Stanley say to you?" he continued, addressing the question to Alice.

"I cannot tell," said the young lady, blushing; "but it was all about his books."

"Books?" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer. "How did he find books in this place?"

"Oh, Sir," said Susan Gilbert (that was the name of his foster-nurse), "the dear boy has always been fond of reading the books that his poor mother left, and which you have never removed."

"Her books?"

And as he spoke, a cloud came o'er the merchant's countenance; but soon a tear gleamed in his eye. The angry cloud was dissolved in the more tender symbol of feeling; a cluster of small orbs of perfect crystal, each of which was worth all the planets. "Her books? Ay; but there is something to do in the world besides reading books. Those books? No, no, my dear Stanley, you must henceforth learn to read the order-book, the cash-book, and the ledger. I must have you taught how. You are now old enough to try business. Wherefore, at the month's end, I shall take you with me to the City, and there brush off the cobwebs which reading has no doubt infested your mind with. In the counting-house you must not look at a book—that is, beyond those I have mentioned."

The full force of these words was unintelligible to Stanley. They promised to him an acquisition of knowledge; what threatening, too, they implied, his experience had not instructed him to appreciate.

The incidents of this prescribed month were few, and apparently insignificant.

Day by day Mr. Mortimer amused himself with the garden, his

meals, and his pipe; seldom venturing out into the green lanes or the fields, being willing rather to bound in, as it would seem, than to expand his mind. He loved to walk in a contracted space, and to recognise the infinite beyond the narrowest limits. Out of that small circle, all was voluntary ignorance; within it, the old man was the central, self-sufficient point; the all-important, one, sole will; the motive power and vital spring of a peculiar universe.

Day by day Stanley and Alice, generally accompanied by Susan, strolled into the road or the byway; into the village, up the hill, adown the vale, or along the winding walks by the river; but still her words were few, while his were many. Notwithstanding the fluency of his speech, however, his manner was bashful and awkward. He seemed afraid sometimes, nay, often, to offer his arm, and frequently would resign her altogether to Susan's conversation, while he sauntered apart, wrapt in apparent meditation.

But it was not that his mind was then absent from his companions; on the contrary, Stanley was suffering the acutest misery from their supposed neglect; at least from the neglect of one. Was this the pang of jealous or despised love? He could not tell. His heart was perplexed, his mind confused.

How, too, was it with her? Naturally reserved, she became embarrassed, peevish a little, and wore a mortified air of offended comdescension. Had Susan been qualified for such an office she might have interpreted their feelings for them, and said, "You are in love. Why not confess to one another?" Had she so said she might have caused to be uttered the words that were doubtless trembling on the lips of both.

As it was, the answer of Alice to Mr. Mortimer was the same on the last day as on the first.

"Well, what has Stanley talked to you about all this while?"

"I cannot tell; but it was all about his books."

Some of these books, too, on an evening, he was in the habit of reading to her—sometimes in one, and sometimes in the other—selecting beautiful passages. Somehow Alice did not cordially sympathise with these. Perhaps she would rather have heard him talk; perhaps, also, on themes more personal.

Stanley was as little satisfied as Alice with himself. Contrary sentiments struggled within him. If he really loved, why not give utterance to his passion? Was it want of courage? Was it delicacy?

One incident might seem to have put an end to this state of doubt. On the very day previous to their departure for London, the bonnet and shawl of Alice had been accidentally placed by Susan on Stanley's bed. Shortly afterwards, entering the chamber, they were observed by Stanley. With a sudden impulse he seized on them, and, pressing them to his lips, kissed them twice or thrice, fervently and reverently. Was this not the action of a man in love? Yet, up to the very moment of departure, Stanley spoke not to Alice on any other than the ordinary topics. His feelings, perhaps, lay too deep for words.

Whether, if, instead of travelling by the coach together, Stanley had been left behind, and consequently had had to take a formal farewell of Alice, those feelings would have found words, we dare not say. As it was, he simply saw her safe home; and, when leaving her in the custody of her parents, felt that he likewise had now become a resident of London, and therefore might visit her readily when he should be so disposed. Besides, his father was of the party, and the whole proceeding had the most business air imaginable.



## PART II.

The counting-house was not so pleasant a scene of occupation as the village greenward. There were no longer the running stream and the blue sky to contemplate. And for his chamber in the cottage, Stanley Mortimer had now a smaller room, with fewer books—those three, chiefly, with which he was threatened—to which might be added the banker's account and the street directory.

At first these new studies displeased him not; on the contrary, he was rather attracted by their novelty. Besides, his reading had made his mind diligent, and filled it with an honourable ambition. Hence he was ready to encounter difficulties manfully. He rejoiced in mental discipline, and the secret ardour with which poetry had fired his soul only made him enter with more zeal into a new pursuit. The figures of arithmetic were to him as pregnant as those of speech; and a bill of parcels proved little inferior to Homer's catalogue of ships.

It is a mistake to suppose that literature, or the love of it, in any of its forms, incapacitates for business. Well would it have been for Stanley had Mr. Mortimer thought so; their minds might then have sympathised and instructed each other. As it was, they dwelt apart. Stanley was left in the counting-house, as he had been in the country, to form his own mind as he might.

It is true, a somewhat enlarged experience dawned on him. One special source of instruction was opened; it was his delight on Sundays to hear the great preachers of the metropolis. He wandered from church to church, and feasted his ears with the different forms of eloquence. Probably, on week-days, the theatres and concert-rooms would have been visited, but these were places interdicted by his father, who insisted, also, on his evenings being passed at home. While the one enjoyed his pipe, the other studied his book.

Frequently did Mr. Mortimer complain of the bad fellowship of this; but submission was unavoidable. He recognised the mother's failing in her boy, and a tender memory reconciled him to what he felt to be a hardship.

Meanwhile, the sphere of Stanley's information was daily augmented. The market, the newspaper, magazine, review, and the new work from the library, all aided to form the mind which the idealities of country studies had originally stimulated.

And Alice—yes, of Alice something, though little, but that little how significant, must be said. Occasionally, on a Sunday evening, but far from often, Stanley visited her parents—visited her parents, I say, not her, for the fact was strictly so. He loved to talk in her presence; but seldom, and this was partly owing to her own taciturnity, engaged in specific conversation with her. When left alone, it would frequently happen that they would sit entirely silent. Their feelings towards each other were more tender and respectful; but the opportunity of being familiar seemed to dispense with the necessity of explanation. Fatal mistake; an error too often committed by meditative minds—the one fault of the reflective Hamlets in all ages, causing delay in action, and leaving the solution to a crisis, which timely decision would have prevented. That blunder, worse than a crime, both in individuals and in nations, is the fatal source of revolutions, the violence of which might have been tempered by predetermination and active forecast.

It must not be omitted, however, to state, in explanation of their feelings, and by way of apology for their conduct, that both had made a discovery. Alice had discovered that her intellect and information were unequal to Stanley's; and Stanley had also discovered that Alice was not so well educated as himself: nay, that she was deficient in the very rudiments of instruction. Like most of her immediate neighbours, Alice mispronounced the letters "u" and "w," and on such words as "envy" mislaid the accent. The latter he, for some time, reconciled by the examples of Spenser's rhymes, but soon found that, in Alice's case, the peculiarity was due to ignorance, not to poetic association. As his ear became more and more cultivated by the oratory of the pulpit and the conversation of well-instructed men, such peculiarities became more and more unpleasant, and ultimately intolerable. Once or twice he pointed out these errors, but found his remark had offended, its importance not being appreciated. A certain amount of knowledge is needed to understand the value of more, and that previous conditional knowledge poor Alice had not acquired. What a lesson it is to learn, that ignorance cannot ever afford to be proud! As we are all, more or less, necessarily ignorant, the lesson is of universal application. In all of us, our pride is in exact proportion to our ignorance.

Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority;  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

This discovery was not without its effect on the mind of both. It naturally aggravated Stanley's hesitation. As his acquaintance increased, he met, too, with other ladies who had been better nurtured, were more communicative, and who pronounced their words properly. All this was to the disadvantage of Alice. Nevertheless, Stanley's fidelity was not affected by it. His unexpressed passion (if so strong a term be the right one) still remained faithful to its object; his implied attachment, at any rate, prevented his forming any similar relations with either of the more accomplished damsels to whom we have alluded. But this state of things had nothing to induce him to hasten any explicit declaration. It was obviously rather a motive for delay.

But this delay at last irritated Alice. Her parents, too, began to get displeased with it. Never frequent, his calls seemed now to be seldomer; however, he had given to no one the right to complain.

"Why," said Mrs. Grey, "if Mr. Stanley has any thoughts of Alice, why does not the man propose?"

"Because," said Mr. Grey, "Alice gives him no encouragement." The mother was piqued at this, but she confessed that Alice was too reserved, too silent.

slight alteration in conduct would suffice to change this into equivocal encouragement. The means were easy, and were immediately adopted. After two or three visits, the young gentleman thought that he had reason to consider himself as, at any rate, tacitly accepted.

Now was the time for Mrs. Grey's plan. It was Christmas, and the festival of Christmas-day was her chosen opportunity. To feasting at that high tide and the revels afterwards she determined to invite Mr. Kennett and his parents, as well as Mr. Stanley and his father. Her purpose in so doing was to bring the rivals into contact, and watch the effect. She was careful to hint to Mr. Mortimer that the young man was a suitor to Miss Alice, though not an accepted one; and he was as careful to communicate the secret (which, of course, was meant to travel) to his son. Nevertheless, the old man was nettled at the inci-

dent, and so far as he was concerned, at least, it made an unfavourable impression. Stanley, on the other hand, felt troubled, but he resolved not to show it.

Mr. Alfred Kennett was, as we have said, "a nice young man." He was a pattern of trading respectability. His attire was trim, genteel, and new; his manners were attentive and modest. He was not without intelligence, and his conversation was sensible, though not copious. Stanley viewed him with interest. Had he not been previously warned of the cause, he might have resisted his solicitous politeness towards Alice; but, thus cautioned, he recognised in him a sort of privilege with which he was far too honourable to interfere.

Accordingly, when, as usual, Alice took her seat by the pianoforte, instead of hovering close by her chair and watching the motion of her



education. She was, at any rate, ready to talk, and had a variety of school themes on which she could discourse even learnedly. Stanley yielded himself to the fascination of her company all the more readily, since he now esteemed himself perfectly released from all obligation to Alice. Was he not even a rejected lover? Rejected, but without the privilege of complaint. The love, the courtship, and the rejection, all obeyed the same law—the law of silence. Be it so. The sense of freedom had in it a sense of joy—and the novelty of conversing with such a person as Miss Travers completed the charm.

Poor old Mrs. Grey! she soon discovered that she had committed an error; but she, too, found means of suppressing her feelings, and bustled through the evening with apparent complacency.

But the next day brought reflection. To-morrow and to-morrow! We are all wise then; none of us to-day. Our after thoughts are exceedingly prudent, but the prudence has arrived too late.

Alice suffered much chagrin and disappointment. Tutors by her mother, she had made sure that Stanley would show, by his manner at least, that she was not indifferent to him. She now had reason to believe that she was utterly so. Means of retaliation were in her power; she retained a lover, at all events. Nor was the youth ineligible; also, his conduct during the evening had been altogether such as became both his and her position in life. Nothing had occurred either to place him at disadvantage. Stanley might easily have outshone him had he taken the pains, but he made no attempt to shine at all. Nevertheless, the simplest thing said by Stanley without effort was beyond all comparison more important than the gravest remark made by Kennett. Not only the form but the stuff of their discourse was different; both in manner and matter they were contrastable only, not comparable. The contrast, too, would, doubtless, have been greater had they conversed together, but they did not. They merely exchanged civilities; yet in this affair of ordinary intercourse one showed as the prince, one as the peasant. Such is the distinction between minds; also, that in their cultures—not always to be described, but invariably to be felt.

No, no. Alice could not exchange Stanley Mortimer for Alfred Kennett. A few days, and the latter was dismissed.

A few days, and Stanley Mortimer was found in more earnest conversation than usual with a Miss ADELARDE TRAVERS, the daughter of a respectable merchant, a young lady of much intellect and some

education. She was, at any rate, ready to talk, and had a variety of school themes on which she could discourse even learnedly. Stanley yielded himself to the fascination of her company all the more readily, since he now esteemed himself perfectly released from all obligation to Alice. Was he not even a rejected lover? Rejected, but without the privilege of complaint. The love, the courtship, and the rejection, all obeyed the same law—the law of silence. Be it so. The sense of freedom had in it a sense of joy—and the novelty of conversing with such a person as Miss Travers completed the charm.

Alice, like *Rosaline* in the play, had only prepared the heart of our *Romeo* for this new *Juliet*. It was now ripe, and ready for any tender impression. It was now experienced, too, in some of its own workings, and it now understood its oracular suggestions better than heretofore. An interchange of sentiments had, moreover, been effected; and a mutual delight realised in the sound of each other's voices. They told one another what they knew; ere long, they described also what they felt. In short, the gentleman proposed, and the lady accepted.

It was not long before Alice was made aware of the fact. The shock it was to her might, however, not be calculated in so undemocratic a person. Her sorrow was dumb. She shed no tear—she heaved no sigh; but, quietly as before, went through the day; and when she met Stanley her manner was the same as ever.

It was not until after his acceptance by Miss Travers that Stanley heard of Alice having dismissed Mr. Kennett. This somehow gave him a pang; but it was too late to reflect. His word had been passed, and the unspoken must yield to the spoken love.

Owing to his father's circumstances, Stanley's marriage with Miss Travers was delayed for two years. This procrastination was willingly conceded by the lady; perhaps, however, it might have kindled hope in the bosom of Alice. One thing was clear, that she now resorted in her solitude to the study of books. She began to lay the circulating library under contribution. Gradually, too, she developed a taste for society, and seemed to have a purpose in it. She sought to be a member of as many gay parties as possible. But what might be her motive



"She is a prude," said her father; "she'll never gain a husband at such a rate."

Mrs. Grey was still more piqued.

"Prude, is she?" said the old lady. "Well, then, Alice shall change characters for once, and try the coquette."

And the old lady set about her plan as soon as she had conceived it. All the arrangements were at once made in her mind, and nothing remained but to exhibit them, as Mr. Thomas Carlyle would say, in space. This was soon accomplished, for the creature was skilful in her work.

Alice, of course, had her admirers. Of these "a nice young man," named Alfred Kennett, was the most assiduous in his attentions. There was no mistaking his *penchant*, for, unlike Stanley, he had more than once spoken out, and had received merely equivocal discouragement. A





for this change of mind and mood she never mentioned to any one, or even alluded to it in the remotest manner.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Grey, "our Alice is indeed a mystery!"

### PART III.

YEARS passed. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer lived a steady and domestic life; one, too, that seemed happy to themselves and others. A shadow, perhaps, would cross Stanley's mind when he thought of Alice; but this was seldom. His mind was progressive—looked rather to the future than to the past. His personal improvement was rapid, and during his early years his wife sympathised with his opinions and his pursuits.

After marriage, the care of a family limits the range of a woman's acquisitions. Mrs. Mortimer had no leisure to extend hers; while her occupations had the effect of leaving her husband at leisure in the evenings, of which he took advantage to further cultivate his taste and understanding. He read philosophy, poetry, the drama; nor was he without considerable knowledge of science. In a word, his information was far in advance, and his wife was no longer in the same mental relation with him as formerly. Habits of solitude gradually grew upon him, until he felt himself to be alone and living like a star apart.

This ever is the destiny of the highest merit. It is a painful destiny. It is the rock of Prometheus and of Napoleon. The world to such is populous in vain—they hear the noise as of billows far beneath; the station they occupy has no room but for one; in sublime loneliness and self-communion, they breathe air too pure for the gross multitude, nay, even for the few, however near and dear; till, at length, in the aristocracy of their virtue, they become, like *Coriolanus*, compelled to feel and to act,

As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

Even such an isolated position was that of Stanley Mortimer. Philosophy, however, had made Stanley master of himself, and therefore of all circumstances. Whatever demons—regiment, might rule, and however demerely they might govern, he preserved the secret which kept him serene. He had learned that the worshippers of the Ideal must never idolize the image; that, while the sense of the Beautiful grew in his own mind to the Perfect, the shadow of it in the created object evermore tended to decay and dissolution. With an Eastern-like constancy, therefore, he sought after the new vision, not as one, knowing that all were alike unsatisfactory; but maintained his fidelity, notwithstanding some strong temptations, to the heart in whose beatings he had recognised the first undoubted response to his own.

The first undoubted response! But not the first, which, perhaps, after all, should not have been doubted. I have said that this thought did not often visit Stanley Mortimer; but when it did, there was a sting in his conscience the anguish of which time could scarcely mitigate.

At length news reached him of Alice. Her parents had died, and she continued unmarried. Her life was lonely, and so had introverted meditation worked upon her, that her conduct, had become eccentric—in a word, she was lunatic and needed control and help. Distant as was Stanley's relationship to her, he was nearly the only one eligible to be appealed to in such a conjuncture. He hastened to his duty, and then became aware of some facts which caused him to reflect deeply.

Without entering into the particulars of her case, suffice it to add that it was considered expedient that Alice should be placed in a secure asylum, in order, if possible, to her recovery.

It was the lot of Stanley to accompany poor Alice to the proper institution. Never, to him, was a moment of greater excitement: at the asylum itself, never one of less. The case of Alice was with them an ordinary form of mental aberration, the new visitors were at once, and without ceremony, introduced into the receiving-room. Three gentlemen there were seated at a table. One, the presumed proprietor of the establishment, reading the newspaper intently—him nothing appeared to have power to stir from his occupation. He took no notice at all either of the patient or her companion. What a contrast his indifference, to Stanley's awakened sense of consciousness! The other two rose—one maintaining an erect position, with his hands behind him, superciliously contemplating aside the entering strangers; the other bending forward to them complacently, and welcoming the inmate within the walls. A business air of sympathy sat on his features, which ill responded to Stanley's feelings. Such, however, were the hands into which, perforce, he confided the person of Alice.

Having performed this painful duty, Stanley returned to the former residence of Alice, that he might place her effects in safe custody. In doing this he found some books and papers which excited his curiosity and surprise. One of them was the only copy of verses ever written by himself—a lyric, in which he told the passion of a silent love, and which he had addressed thus: "To —." Alice had filled up the blank with her own name. How she had gained possession of the manuscript, Stanley knew not. All that he recollected was, that he had written the story, and that she had mysteriously stolen it from him.

The thrill that ran through his frame on this discovery may be imagined by the sensitive; it touched him to trembling and to tears! Nor was this all. There were other touching signs of his influence, not only on the mind but on the heart of Alice. There were a few books which bore marks of study—such as Pope's "Homer" and Dryden's "Virgil"; and two or three others which nobody would have suspected Alice of even reading. There were pencil-marks and occasional marginal notes, proving that she had also read them with diligence and care.

Nor had this evident study been without results. A copybook or two turned up in the handwriting of Alice. It contained verses of her own composition. They breathed of love and passion, but more in hope than disappointment; the love being too living, not still to believe, not still to hope, despite the rebukes of experience. Alice had evidently in her loneliness cultivated an inner world, brooding on which had placed her in contradiction with the outer, and produced those irregularities of conduct for which she was now a prisoner with the insane.

The tale I tell is ever true, and so was the conviction with the agony which burned its way into the conscience of Stanley Mortimer.

When first Stanley knew Alice, she was mute with natural diffidence and comparative ignorance. Contact with him, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, had filled her with the desire of knowledge. This she had pursued under serious difficulties. Her limited circle had not afforded the means of her forming a correct pronunciation. Her local peculiarities in this respect had disgusted a too sensitive ear. The consequences need not be repeated. Stanley Mortimer now reflected on all.

"Has," said the self-questioner, "has the blame been mine; or, rather, is it not due to society? Here has been a young and virtuous maiden, brought up by parents having a competence, and moving among the respectabilities of middle-class life, who, nevertheless, has shut out during her prime from instruction that she might have possessed when a child. Might, do I say? Ought she not to have possessed it? Ah! this evil grows from our low-thoughted views of education. For many years Englishmen refused to give the most meagre knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic to the masses. That being at length conceded, Englishmen insisted that education should be fitted to the station of the individual. The station of the individual? Why, in a state of society like ours, and with the facilities which the British Constitution gives for the ambitious to rise who can tell what is the real station of the individual? Is it that in which he is, or that to which he tends? The latter, says the tagger's infant in the cradle may become the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack! Should unnecessary difficulties in the shape of removable ignorance be thrown in the way of such a result? That, truly, for too long a while has been the theory. Would that the minds of the powerful would awaken to a more just perception! A plenary education for all classes of the people undoubtedly should be provided by the State; and thereby each individual be empowered to start fairly in the race of competition. Ah! but my thoughts are wandering from poor, poor Alice."

He paused a little, and then resumed—  
"Poor Alice! that the world's spirit of unfairness should intrude into the sanctuary of the inner feelings, and intermeddle with the delicate reciprocities of love! Fitted to your supposed station was the

instruction accorded to your infant years by your parents, who never conceived the slightest censure as applicable to their conduct; for they loved you dearly, and were dearly loved by you. The error lay in the state of public opinion. The darling hope of your life was frustrated by one unconscious fault. Oh, would that my own mind, like yours neglected, had not, by its own energy, outstripped yours! But this is folly."

Again he paused, and again resumed—

"Would that I had known, however, that your mind, my beloved Alice, had been progressive. Oh! these records prove that there was vital growth in it. Had I but known that! Now, perhaps, instead of revolving about one idea until it has made itself glidy, it might have been advancing in a right line, under my direction. It might have continued to advance with mine; not educated, as some are, to a standstill point. Pshaw! let me not make bitter my own lot by over-refinement. Adelaide is a like victim; and it requires mutual charity to make even the odds of a chance-medley state of things—such, unfortunately, as the present anomalous social position of the middle class in England. See, for instance, what has been made of educating children according to their arbitrarily-supposed station. See, how, very lately, was the general condition of school-teaching, then, on attention being directed to the subject, it was found that the most elementary instruction at national and mechanics' institutes placed immediately the children of the workman in advance of the children of the shopkeeper. To restore their relative position, a London University was then projected. Well-intended as this institution is, there are millions of respectable families who cannot avail themselves of its advantages. No, no! Nothing will meet the want under which the majority suffer but a universal system of plenary instruction for all classes of the people, established by authority, and made imperative on local functionaries. Only in this manner may art and science be effectively met. Such a system once established, we should have none to blame but great Nature herself for the differences not only in our destiny but our disposition. And to her decrees we must all bow in reverence."

Such were the just but painful reflections of Stanley Mortimer. The evil which thus blocks up the public thoroughfares through which mind has to make its way penetrates into the private chamber, and turns the lares on the domestic hearth into furies. It is for society to reduce the inequalities of nature and fortune, and not to aggravate the inequalities of either. Whatever prejudice may yet exist in some minds against the plenary education of all classes of the people, the wrong done by the omission of the duty to those who might otherwise be a blessing to themselves and to others stamps it as a national sin. But to proceed with our story. A few brief statements will conclude it.

By the aid and advice of the physician, and association with strangers whose discourse ran on matters unconnected with the fancies that peopled the inner world of her ideas, Alice Grey was sufficiently recovered in the tone of her mind to demand and to receive her freedom. She returned to her former lonely habits. For a while she preserved the appearance of sanity; but the worm was at her heart—the undying worm, that, little by little, resumed its power, until the whole was infected with bitterness.

One of the causes which had preserved Stanley Mortimer himself from the vulgarities of his class was his removal, during infancy, from town, and not at too great a distance, where a decided provincialism might be acquired; and another of the causes was his habit of attending the village church on the Sunday. A reader of books, he borrowed his pronunciation from the clergyman, and pursued his favourite Spenser and Milton with the accent which he had learned from the pulpit. A wish, indeed, had come over him to enter the Church; and, but for the reluctance of his father, that wish would doubtless have been fulfilled. He had more than once told Alice of his desire; and it would seem that her imagination had become impressed with this circumstance. She had pictured Stanley to herself as a clergyman; and, now that he was lost to her, she began in the persons of the clergy to see him. Like the "daff woman" who followed Dr. Chummers, poor Alice selected now one and now the other of her favourite preachers, on whom she bestowed her attentions. At last, to preserve a popular minister from her annoyance, it was necessary that authority should interfere, and that she should be placed under proper guardianship. The life of poor Alice had been all illusion; and this was the last.

As to Stanley Mortimer, he sought refuge in the stronghold of philosophy. Much he loved his wife; but he felt how much more he should have loved had she been his first love. Love was now with him a relative, it had then been an absolute, affection. It would have lived and grown in his soul a pure and simple idea; it would have done so, or he thought it would. His life was now to acquire that absolute in knowledge which he had lost in love. Vain effort! yet, if we may believe in Rabbinical mythology, such as the cherubim ever make, and the seraphim are dispensed from. The latter, by loving, know all things; the former, by knowing all things, would learn to love. Labour infinite; while love, by a spontaneous birth, springs at once into being and perfection.

Of these mysterious words Stanley Mortimer knew, because he felt, the meaning fully. In philosophy he trusted he might accomplish that union of LOVE and WISDOM suggested by its etymology. But the pursuit cost him society. More and more he became a recluse—less and less fitted for the world, and more and more like Alice, he lived in solitude, companioned with his thoughts, and one fixed idea, that formed the centre of their revolutions.

## THREE KINGS OF THE EAST.

AN ODE.

I. STROPHE.

STAR of the East! O star of birth!  
Illumine Heaven and shine on earth!  
Let Kings bow down before the Child,  
The mighty to the undeffiled;  
His brow, uncrown'd, is more sublime  
Than theirs. Unconscious his of crime;  
Theirs darken'd with the shade of sin,  
And his untroubled from within;  
The coronal of innocence  
His forehead swathes, unseen by sense.  
Ofspring of Time, too long conceal'd,  
Late from Eternity reveal'd!

II. ANTISTROPHE.

Mother of Love! revere thy Son;  
The Wonderful, the Sacred One—  
Those sov'reign sages from his eyes  
Gain knowledge and become more wise.  
A power flows to theirs from his,  
To note invisibilities.  
Thy soul with all its virgin truth,  
And his in its immortal youth;  
And Heaven's decree, its mystic plan,  
That suffering perverts goodly man,  
Oh! creed of sadness!—Mother mild,  
Thou weep'st while worshipping thy Child.

III. EPODE.

And ye,  
The adoring and the royal three!  
Ye Orient Kings, with generous pride,  
Who pour gifts as to your lord,  
And homage thus the defiled,  
By shepherds and by you adored—  
Led by his star, ye came from far,  
The hopeful, and the true the loving;  
Such ever read the Heavens, and they  
For ever in the starry way,  
See bright prophetic planets moving;  
New worlds discover; each a soul,  
A truth, 'midst other truths to roll,  
Maintaining still the harmony,  
The crescent music of the sky,  
Which still to their attentive ears  
Reveals the secret of the spheres.

## HOME MYTHOLOGY.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY WILLIAM T. MONCRIEFFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

### DOMESTIC SUPERSTITIONS.

BRAVE the yule-log—feed high the flame—

Gather around the cheerful fire,

And let old superstitions claim

A passing thought ere they expire.

The fairies were a merry set,

Working their spells to aid, to bless,

And to the sad heart dearer yet,

Ever for mirth and cheerfulness!

A song, a song, ere yet too late;

Let youth and mirth this festive time

In sportive frolic dedicate.

Let others raise the loftier rhyme,

Still Home Mythology to thee

A simple song shall offered be.

### I.—CAROL OF THE CAT.

PURRING, purring, purring, with a soothing dreamy sound,  
And half-closed eyes, thou singest as in ecstasy profound.  
For joy and rest thy songs seem born, a calm and quiet tune;  
Like to a gurgling brook, that serenades the listening moon.  
I love thy soft, thy drowsy song, it ever gives me glee,  
And Pussy, in return, I'll dedicate a song to thee,  
And all to which thy acts are signs from mighty Pharaoh's reign.  
Then purr, and purr, and purr, and purr, and purr again;  
Purring, purring, purring, with a soft and dreamy sound,  
And half-closed eyes, before the fire, in ecstasy profound.

Thou wastest o'er thy left ear. Ah! to-morrow there'll be rain,  
And I have promised with my love to rove o'er hill and plain.  
Oh, naughty Pussy, why that sign? 'thout in an angry mood.  
Thou sneezest! that an omen is that never comes to good.  
A cold throughout the house there'll be—a cold, yes, Puss, a cold.  
Thou scratchest, too, my table's legs. Well, that should bring me gold.  
'Tis better than the miser who some dangle rakes for pelf,  
Ah! thou leap'st upon my lap! that shows thou lovest me for myself.  
Purring, purring, purring, with a soft and dreamy sound,  
And half-closed eyes, before the fire, in ecstasy profound.

Oh, pretty Puss! oh, gentle Puss! pur on, pur on, pur on;  
I'll pat and smooth thy velvet coat if thou, my lovely one,  
(Last eve when out the candle went by chance), wilt not remark  
Whose lips were kiss'd, for well I know thou canst see in the dark.  
'Tis no disloyal thing I ask, though there was no one nigh.  
I know, though I was sovereign then, I can't thy silence buy.  
Thou saw'st the kiss he stole, as low he spoke about the ring;  
Proud as I was, for Puss, thou may'st look upon a King.  
Purring, purring, purring, with a soft and dreamy sound,  
And half-closed eyes, before the fire, as if in bliss profound.

### II.—THE STRANGER ON THE BARS.

(Many fanciful indications are gathered from the appearance of that airy visitant commonly termed "a stranger on the bars," formed by the action of the fire on the smoke, &c. of the coals. If the flame hangs upon the top bar, it betokens a person of consequence; if on a lower bar, his position in life is proportionately decreased, and the expectation consequently lessened. If the flame is of an entire form, without any rent or jag about it, it betokens the stranger will be free from any defect or infirmity; and from the fire burning bright or looking gloomy, a fair conclusion, it is supposed, may be drawn as to whether the stranger will bring joy or sorrow. Should the coals suddenly burst into a sulphurous or gaseous flame, it is supposed the stranger is military and of an ardent temperament; with a thousand other harmless and fanciful follies. It is usual for young girls, &c., to clap their hands before the flaring flames, calculating the time the stranger may be supposed to arrive from their falling off the bar. Dark, fragile, and uncertain as they are, it must not be wondered at that these flimsy flakes should have been pressed into the service of fireside superstition.)

THERE'S a Stranger on the Bars! which are breathing smoke and fire,  
So he's coming from the wars. What's his rank? It can't be higher;  
He's on the topmost bar, lightly dancing to my view,  
All compact. He has no scar. Ah! my heart is dancing too.  
Tall in stature; not too thin. How I love a son of Mars!  
Born for victory, still they win. There's a Stranger on the Bars!  
Will he bring me joy or sorrow? Will he wake the tear or sigh?  
Will he come to-day? To-morrow? Let me clap my hands and try.  
Will you come to-day? 'Tis Monday. [Claps hands.] Though I kneel,  
vain I command.  
Let me try again. On Monday? [Claps again.] Ah! he yields him  
to my hand.  
To my breast he makes a dart. Clear the fire! I bless my stars—  
With love's flame he'll cheer my heart. There's a Stranger on the Bars!

### III.—FORTUNE IN THE TEA-CUP.

'Tis empty, 'tis empty, I've drain'd the last sup,  
Let me try now the power of the crucible cup;  
I have put in the sugar, the type of life's joy—  
I have pour'd in the cream, peace that never can cloy.  
I have put in the black and I've put in the green,  
With refreshment and vigour to gladden the scene,  
With mystical warmth all their virtues expressing  
In the dreag readings grounds of misfortune or bliss-sing,  
Too pleased, should but hope, while the cup I twirl round,  
As in Pandora's box, at the bottom be found.  
Turn the cup, turn the cup, if our fate will reveal,  
Once more, turn again, for thus turns fortune's wheel.  
Turn the cup, turn the cup.

Turn it round, turn it round, it will quickly be seen,  
By the dregs, if life's aspect looks dark or serene—  
Is mix'd or unmix'd, is confused or is clear.  
Ah, those leaves close together! then danger is near.  
A ring, house, and cradle; young love should beware.  
A drop in the cup! Is it comfort or care?  
Hold! I see a clear path—it winds through a dark wood;  
No stalks cross its progress—it promises good.  
All's unravell'd—smooth, fair, nought betokens annoy  
What is this? it is clearly a purse. Oh, what joy!  
Turn the cup, turn the cup, if your fate will reveal;  
Once more turn again, for thus turns fortune's wheel.  
Turn the cup, turn the cup.

### IV.—SNUFFING OUT THE CANDLE.

[Accidentally to snuff out the candle, is an omen that the party so unluckily extinguishing the flame will not be married during the current year. If a spark should be left in the snuffed-out wick, and the party can re-kindle the flame by



blowing on it, the omen may be averted. The candle as an obvious emblem of mortality has in all ages been a great agent in the hands of superstition; witness the winding-sheet, the Welsh corpse candles, &c.

Oh dear! I've the candle snuff'd out,  
And my heart's overpow'd with fear;  
For I really begin now to doubt  
Whether I shall be married this year.  
Love may go out, or cease to burn bright,  
'Tis a positive omen, oh dear!  
Young Hymen his torch may not light,  
And I may not be married this year:  
No, for young Hymen's torch there's no light,  
And I may not be married this year.

But the flame in a breath that may die,  
A breath may again make appear;  
There's a spark, so my fortune I'll try,  
For I long to be married this year.  
A rude breath my hope might destroy;  
Blow softly, blow soft—Oh, what fear!—(blows)  
It beams brighter—(Hymen arrives)—it lights: oh, what joy!  
Yes, I now shall be married this year.  
It beams brighter—it lights—oh, what joy!  
Yes, I now shall be married this year.

#### V.—THE FEW MOON.

[Classic lore has delighted in giving the Moon celestial power, assigning it a place in its pantheon under the name of Diana, Luna, &c. Its monthly changes, its influence on the tides, &c., are less mysterious than the power it exercises over the reason of mortals. Within two or three years a magazine was written and printed by the patients of a lunatic asylum in Scotland, and published under the title of the "New Moon." The writer has seen one of its numbers: it is painfully interesting; so imperceptible appear in it the boundaries between reason and insanity.]

Good even, New Moon! lovely Moon! bonny Moon!  
Though I see thee but half, ne'er eclipsed be thy beams;  
To some thou'rt an evil, to some thou'rt a boon—  
To some thou'rt the sweet honey month of Love's dreams,  
Bonny Moon, but I must not look at thee through glass,  
For there should be nought 'twixt my gaze and the sky:  
If I did, a dark cloud o'er thy fair face might pass,  
Though calm and resplendent thou ridest on high.  
Good e'en, new acquaintance, ne'er change but for good;  
In thy praise hark the brook murmurs forth a glad tune:  
I hail thee, I welcome thee, Moon, as I should;  
I cursey, I cursey, to thee, bonny Moon—  
Bonny Moon! Bonny Moon!

My money I'll turn, for thou still canst impart  
A charm, bonny Moon, as in bright days of old,  
A crucible charm, with alchemical art,  
That converts lead to silver, turns copper to gold.  
Lovely Moon, bonny Moon; ah! so witching thy sway;  
We know not if thou'rt sent for good or for bad.  
Thy rule the fierce tides of the ocean obey,  
But the charm of thy fair face makes thousands go mad.  
Good e'en, new acquaintance, ne'er change but for good;  
In thy praise hark the brook murmurs forth a glad tune;  
I trust thee, I welcome thee, Moon, as I should—  
I cursey, I cursey, to thee, bonny Moon!  
Bonny Moon! Bonny Moon!

Now, New Moon, let me wish, as all should who see thee;  
But I'll wish not for pleasures too soon that may pall;  
Shall I wish for renown—love—or what shall it be?  
No, for something I'll wish that shall purchase them all—  
I'll wish—yes, I'll wish, but my wish must be self'd;  
For as I once heard an old village dame say,  
No wish will come true that is ever revealed!  
Yet, 'tis something most dear: guess it then what you may.  
Good e'en, new acquaintance, ne'er change but for good;  
In thy praise hark the brook murmurs forth a glad tune.  
I hail thee! I welcome thee, Moon, as I should.  
I cursey, I cursey, to thee, bonny Moon!  
Bonny Moon! Bonny Moon!

#### VI.—CAROL OF THE CRICKET.

[If we extend the fanciful *Rosicrucian* system of Count Gabalis, in peopling the four elements with its peculiar inhabitants, we should in the insect world account the cricket as the salamanders and salamandrines, they being literally creatures that work in the fire. Who has not suddenly heard the song of the cricket, when sitting dreamily in the twilight, and starting as they heard, exclaiming with Shakespeare, "Where should this music be—in the earth or the air?" Leigh Hunt has a very beautiful sonnet on this little insect, whom it not inaptly makes the companion of the grasshopper; and the passage in which Dickens describes the rivalry of the cricket with the louder tea-kettle, must be still fresh in every one's recollection. Before finally parting with the cricket, we should not omit to notice, in reference to the salamandrines qualities of its mate, Dr. Mackay's beautiful poem "The Salamandrine."]

CHIRP! chirp! chirp! 'tis the cricket on the hearth,  
The herald of sweet comfort, waking thoughts of rest and mirth.  
Blest note, though harsh and shrill it sounds, it still to us is dear;  
It brings back thoughts of days long gone—all that then were here—  
Of the old familiar faces of our childhood's home once more,  
Of the cherish'd social circle time can ne'er again restore;  
Though its song may be monotonous, still sweet variety  
Lurks in its lively chirp! chirp! chirp!—the fairy hour of glee.  
Oh! happy, happy cricket, in thy salamandrine bride—  
A mate whose voice is never heard, thyself thou well may'st pride.  
Chirp! chirp! chirp!

Chirp! chirp! chirp! 'tis the cricket on the hearth:  
Its song is still most welcome of the melodies of earth.  
We hail thee, merry cricket, for thou'rt loudest heard at night,  
When the circle is assembled, and the log is burning bright.  
As the grasshopper in summer—the ripen'd harvest noon—  
When the sun is shining brightly, chirrup forth a pleasant tune.  
Thou tiniest of ventriloquists, whose starting note at night  
Still caused our youthful wonder, as we listened with delight,  
Leaping forth from out the centre of the seeming glowing hearth,  
In the lapses of the darkness, mingling terror with our mirth.  
Chirp! chirp! chirp!

Chirp! chirp! chirp! 'tis the cricket on the hearth:  
Our own dear Lar—our household god—to peace still giving birth!  
Thou com'st to us with joy and music on thy sounding wings;  
Good fortune to the house good housewives know thy coming brings.  
Thy chirp is not the voice of death, go ask the watching wife:  
She'll say thy voice inspires her through lone hours with thoughts of life.  
It luckless is to kill thee, thou darling little thing,  
For 'tis but in harmless rivalry thou'dst gain't all others sing.

We know thy voice will still be heard till the early morning's light—  
A watcher through the lonely hours when we have said "Good night!"  
Chirp! chirp! chirp!

#### VII.—WILL IT BE FINE TO-MORROW; OR, THE CAROL OF THE BAROMETER.

[The weather-wise have been found in all ages and in all classes, among the acute observers of nature and pretenders to superior sagacity, a very numerous class. This natural augury, this orthodox divination, as it is daily called in practice, is not very likely to be easily forgotten. The ingenuity of man has invented weather-glasses, and resorted to science and mechanics for the construction of the barometer, &c.; but amongst our very rude peasantry will be found human barometers quite as infallible, and to be consulted with quite as much confidence, and trusted to with quite as much certainty. The weather has not been fairly treated; in fact, it is in general very foolishly treated. Who is there that, graver for lack of matter, has not found a friend in the weather? and yet how ungratefully do we use it? We are never satisfied with it: it is either too hot or too cold; still this same weather generally shapes our ends, rough-bow them as we will.]

Oh, be propitious, gentle skies; be fine, be fine to-morrow!  
For I am going out—with whom, and where, why mention here?  
And should it chance to be o'ercast, 'twill fill my heart with sorrow.  
Yes, every drop of rain that falls will wring from me a tear.  
If hollow blows the rising wind, how shall I answering sigh?  
If low the glass, how will my heart sink at the sight with sorrow?  
But no, I saw the sun set red—the bats, too, blithely fly—  
The stars shine bright—it will be fine, it will be fine to-morrow!

If hopes the spaniel on the hearth, my heart will feel as dull—  
But lightly flew the gossamer—from that I'll promise borrow—  
The cowslip bells were hild'd with dew, with joy my heart was full—  
The beetles live in circling round—it will be fine to-morrow!  
No peacocks scream'd, no donkeys bray'd, the moon shines bright and fair,  
No grizzling ducks, no stinging gnats, woke thoughts of future sorrow;  
Pass by the fire at dozing, undisturb'd her left ear;  
The chairs and tables do not crack! It will be fine to-morrow!

When late, last Lammas-tide, the warning signs we disregarded,  
Not heeded how the trembling fanes sway'd on the high church spire,  
Loud broke the storm, our ardent hopes too justly were rewarded,  
Let's hail then the bright omen's dream of graited desire.  
If low the swallows skim the stream—avert it, gracious powers,  
'Twill overcloud hope's fairy dream, and fill our hearts with sorrow;  
But brightly will to-morrow beam, and strew our path with flowers.  
Love will our sunshine double. Yes, it will be fine to-morrow!

#### VIII.—LOVE SPELLS.

[The great business of life being love, and the ties which it is bound by marriage, it will excite no surprise that love spells should be among the principal charms by which a knowledge of fatality was sought to be gained. Midsummer Eve, or the Vigil of St. John, in June, and All Hallowe'en, the Vigil of All Saints, at the commencement of November, were the two periods of the year in which these charms were more particularly supposed to be efficacious. The charm of the hempsed is perhaps one of the most generally known of the love spells which have been recorded by the curious. Gair, in one of his rustic pastorals, has enumerated many of these spells; and Burns in his "Hallowe'en" still more.]

'Tis Midsummer-eve, the much-dreaded, desired;  
'Tis the mystical eve of the Baptist St. John.  
The eyes that watch'd o'er us to rest have retired,  
And Midnight draws near—we are now left alone;  
Such grace hath the hour 'twill the future make known,  
But test we the proof—to the garden let's lead:  
Try the spell of the hempsed, our fates 'twill reveal.

Cross we but the threshold and gain'd is the bower,  
The watch-dog the steps of his mistress will know.  
So hush the season all charms now have power,  
The moon shining brightly above and below,  
All in turn to some undisclosed influence bow.  
With the magical formulae oh! were we supplied!  
That no one might see us invisibly glide.

Though now they no blessing-fires raise on each hill,  
Through which to gam passage, or boldly leap o'er;  
Though no garlands are woven, in sign of good-will,  
Of the orpine or birch overshadowing each door,  
Keeping foul things afar, as in bright days of yore,  
Yet we'll sow the charmed hempsed, love's secret make known,  
'Tis the time, 'tis the time, 'tis the Eve of St. John.

Caution! ope the door gently, and forth let us go.  
All is silent—fear nothing, the garden is gain'd.  
Now sow we the hempsed, now use we the hoe;  
Draw the mould soft o'er it, and all is attain'd;  
Pansie not, and the wish of our hearts shall be gain'd.  
Yes, "Hempsed I sow," yes, "Hempsed I sow,"  
Oh, thou who'st to wed me come after me now.

Ah! a step! some one follows—oh, dare I look back?  
Should the omen be adverse, how would my heart writhe.  
Love, brace up my sinews! Who treads on my track?  
'Tis he, 'tis the loved one, he comes with the scythe;  
He mows what I've sown—bless my heart and be blithe.  
On Midsummer-eve the glad omen is won,  
Then hail to thy mystical vigil, St. John!

#### IX.—GOOD NIGHT!—DREAMS.

ALL good Angels hover round me,  
Shield me from the ills of night;  
In soft chains when sleep has bound me  
Let not thought of harm afflict;  
But let Dreams my fate unveil me—  
They will heavenly heralds be  
Of whatever may befall me—  
Sorrow or Felicity.  
Guard me, Angels! Guard me, Angels!  
From each ill that may afflict—  
Death-watch, nightmare, sheeted phantom:  
Bless my slumbers. Oh, Good Night!

Let me dream of smiling skies,  
Bright pure streams—they'll omen be  
Of all in life that's most we prize—  
Pleasure and serenity.  
Let me dream of pleasant bells—  
Sweet token of felicity  
To every heart where passion dwells  
As fondly as it dwells with me.  
Guard me, Angels! Guard me, Angels!  
From each ill that may afflict—  
Death-watch, nightmare, sheeted phantom:  
Bless my slumbers. Oh, Good Night!

If in the depths of night I wake,  
Salute my senses, Chanticleer,  
For evil spirits still forsake  
The spot wherein thy voice they hear.  
Let me wake but with the morn—  
Day's twittering call to rouse the hours—  
The bee's warm hum—the hunter's horn—  
The opening bud of early flowers.  
Guard me, Angels! Guard me, Angels!  
From each ill that may afflict—  
Death-watch, nightmare, sheeted phantom:  
Bless my slumbers. Oh, Good Night!

## THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY FOSTER

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

WHOEVER is acquainted with our northern shires, especially with those that lie near the border, will easily recall long tracts of flat and sterile land, where the sky, unrelieved by hill or tree, seems to hang nearer to the earth than in more favoured districts; and where the wide gloom of night is but more dimly revealed by the dim flicker in the window of a hut, or the occasional glare of a furnace. The country, it is true, as if anxious for the honour of old England, clothes itself in its better scenery of wood, mountain, and rivulet, as it advances to the Scottish frontier; but when it falls back into the interior, nothing can be less prepossessing than the every-day working soil of Nature which it resumes. This kind of region is, of course, scantily populated, and boasts as little in its human as in its material examples, of sought that ministers to taste and refinement. The swarthy tribes of the colliery, the mine, and the forge; those whom interest compels to supervise their labours; and a few dealers in necessary commodities, make up the inhabitants. A journey to the nearest town is requisite for the aid of either doctor or lawyer, so that the only resident class we have not yet named is that of the parish clergy.

Few, scattered, and wild, as may well be imagined, is the flock to the charge of which the spiritual shepherd is in these places appointed. Hard and peculiar must be the gifts of a teacher who would here force his way to the hearts of the people. He must be able to translate himself into the facts of their lives, ever ready with calm plain counsel and energetic aid. In a word, the minister who would attach to himself this type of the working man must himself be a working priest. Not a man of this kind (though possessing many virtues) was the Rev. Lawrence Ingleby, curate of the united parishes of Westmoor-cum-Pitsfield, situated in the centre of such a district as we have described. Hard, indeed, seemed the fate which, in dealing with one of the gentlest and most loveable of natures, assigned for its development such a sphere as that of Westmoor-cum-Pitsfield. But, that our readers may better comprehend the hardship of such a lot, we must acquaint them with some foregoing passages in the curate's life.

Lawrence Ingleby was the grandson of a certain Matthew Ingleby, whilom mayor of a large commercial borough. This Matthew had the good fortune to render an important local service to the Government of the day, and, being a merchant of high standing and some wealth, received for his services the unusual distinction of a baronetcy. The dignity, indeed, sat rather clumsily upon the genial and frank disposition of Sir Matthew. Between himself and his once familiar associates he found a barrier of reserve impassable even by his own good nature. The town clerk, the family surgeon, and the baronet's brother merchants, who had been wont in his snug library to relieve the anxieties of the day by the moderate circulation of the punch-bowl, and the concurrent emission from their lips of tobacco-smoke, lively gossip, and puns unabashed by any consciousness of their badness, suddenly changed their deportment. They still resorted to Sir Matthew's, but only after formal invitation. Their intercourse was grave and constrained, suited, as they thought, to their friend's promotion. The very ladies appeared seized with the spirit of decorum, and refused to rattle in the glasses; the smoke from the "weed" no longer puff'd its way in sudden gusts, but stole leisurely upwards, and then wound down again, as if in reverence for the ceiling; and many low-toned hints touching Sir Matthew's leisure were the prelude to partings which closed nights of frigidity and disappointment.

The unambitious gentleman, disqualified by long habits and tastes from invading the circle of "old county families," and exiled by new honours from hearty fellowship with former acquaintance, often bitterly lamented the boon of the Government. Surrounded by his repellent dignities, he was a sort of social prisoner within his own fortifications. Feeling strongly the inconvenience of his undecorated position, Sir Matthew resolved to use all the means in his power to protect his only son, Marmaduke, from a similar calamity. Sir Matthew had been long a widower, and his whole store of domestic affection was lavished upon his heir. For the boy's sake the fond father rejoiced in the distinction which had been a burthen to himself; and his chief care was to fit Marmaduke, by education, for the rank which he would inherit. The lad was accordingly sent early to Eton, thence transferred to the Continent to complete his studies, and his vocation in life was eventually settled by the purchase of a commission.

The character of Marmaduke turned out widely different from that of his father. The chief care of the son was to have the real service to which Sir Matthew owed his title forgotten, and to ransack or invent genealogies from which some remote kinship to patrician houses might be inferred. Not to dwell on moral features, which little deserve perpetuating, we may briefly say that Marmaduke in due time succeeded to the baronetcy, became a large landed proprietor, and bribed the Hon. Miss Harrowfield, an amiable spinster of long descent and no portion, to become his reluctant wife. In justice to the lady, however—whose chief deficiency was a want of will to resist—it should be stated that she was persecuted into the step by her impoverished relatives. Two sons were the result of this union. The heir was destined, like his father, to the army; the younger, our friend Lawrence, was early regarded by Sir Marmaduke as a dreamy fool, who would never advance the interests of his family in active life. It was therefore decreed that he should enter the church, and have condescended to him the cure of souls.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE FARMHOUSE.

THE qualities of Lawrence Ingleby, which Sir Marmaduke looked upon as sheer fatuity, were an affectionate sensibility and a delicate perception of beauty in nature, and elegance in letters inherited by the youth from his mother. Like her, too, he possessed a degree of conscientiousness and resignation which sufficed to redeem his character from culpable weakness.

Lawrence's career at Oxford, though marked by no brilliant achievements, evinced a keen relish for the graces of classical literature, especially for such as related to pastoral scenes and occupations. The idyls of Theocritus or Virgil were the chosen companions of his walks. Nor could he find it in his heart to deny a corner of it to Anacreon; for, though occasionally staggered by the warmth and jollity of the reckless old Greek, Lawrence would at times sip modestly of his intoxicating cup for the sake of the vine-leaves so sweetly wreathed it. So great, indeed, was his devotion to his favourite authors, that to translate them faithfully, and to illustrate them by copious annotations, became the pet scheme of his life at college. On leaving it, his first object (after a brief sojourn in a home of which his mother's love made the only charm) was to discover some seclusion where he might pursue his task undisturbed.

It is thus that blind mortals rush upon their fate. This attempt of Lawrence to secure tranquillity became the very means of its loss. Nothing, indeed, could promise better for retirement than the sequestered farmhouse in Herefordshire, to the tenant of which a college friend, and lover of angling, had recommended him. The shady lanes and gentle slopes of the neighbourhood—the orchard which belted round the garden, whose inner zone of flowers clasped the trellised dwelling-house—the "thick murmur" of bees (which immediately suggested to Lawrence notes for the fourth "Georgic"), and the hearty but respectful deportment of the farmer and his wife to their new lodger, might have been deemed so many pledges for serenity of mind. Alas! in a light way form that flitted up the stairs as Lawrence passed the threshold dwelt the genius of much future commotion.

Caroline Newcombe, the farmer's daughter, was, like many blithe lassies of eighteen, no wilful agent, but an instrument of fate. Is not every creature what Nature made it? Can the rose reject its own crimson? Is the light responsible because it dazzles? And is it malice aforethought for light-hearted damsels of eighteen to be charming? Nay, did not Carry for a week avoid any chance that might have led





HOME MYTHOLOGY.—DRAWN BY PHIZ





THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

[GRATIS.]



her into Lawrence's room, and become suddenly absorbed in tending the large fuchsia-tree, if she crossed the walk? Was it her fault that, on the succeeding Sunday, she was caught in a drenching shower, returning from church, and that Lawrence, who carried an umbrella even in the dog-days, offered her its protection, and his arm? Could she help being captivated when, with glowing cheeks and depressed lids, she acknowledged her obligation at the door, and suddenly fled like a startled fawn into the parlour?

It was an impulse of common gratitude, after this, for Carry to see that Lawrence's little study was kept in order. It was an unavoidable accident that he would sometimes enter during her labours for his comfort, and that, after having on two of these occasions beheld her in bland silence, he timorously entered her on the third not to hurry. Nor was she responsible for the fact that Lawrence shortly afterwards discovered how much more sociable it was to take his meals with the family, and how soothing to him on a summer's evening was a stroll with the farmer, his wife, and Carry, round the garden, or through the orchard.

Carry, at a sacrifice on the part of her parents, had been educated at a "superior establishment," and it speaks well for her that she returned therefrom in some degree accomplished and not at all spoiled. Her French accent, it must be granted, was a little modified by good broad Herefordshire; but she could translate tolerably well, had developed a natural talent for drawing, had executed in water colours several flower pieces, which were glorified by frames in the best sitting room, had also learned to embroider, and, to her great credit, preferred knitting.

Companionship will lead to talk—talk will reveal good dispositions; and, these once found out, who can help liking them? It was as impossible for poor Lawrence to be insensible to the moral charms of Carry, her kindness, cheerfulness, and simplicity, as to be blind to the attractions of her sparkling brown eyes, and the free outline of a form distinguished in every motion by its agile grace. The danger which he incurred in the society of so winning a maiden was alarmingly increased when, to illustrate his translation, she produced a tolerable sketch of the "wide-spreading beech" under which Titrus reclined, and a complimentary likeness to Lawrence himself in the recumbent figure. But the cider festival, which took place in the orchard after the yearly in-gathering of apples, was destined to complete the young bachelor's discomfiture.

It was the afternoon of a warm September day, the trees had been despoiled of their rich burthen, and the ladders leaned against the green trunks in tokens of a victorious siege. The young neighbours who had helped the good work in the morning now joined in the customary feast and frolic by which their labours were rewarded. An extempore tent was constructed, the hangings of which depended from two of the tallest trees. Beneath its shadow was spread a repast of various cakes, new cheeses, nuts, apples, cider, and mead.

Lawrence, fairly enticed out of his shyness by a scene which so reminded him of his paternal affairs, chatted merrily with the group of swains and damsels around him, with a special reference, doubtless, to the ear of Carry. She had never heard him so eloquent. He had never seen her so bewitching. A sweet and deep silence would sometimes fall upon her in the intervals of laughter. You should have seen her too, as her arms sustained above her head by a projecting bough, her fine form tapered to the sword. If, at such moments, she stood like an arrested dream, her ringing voice and buoyant step would soon vindicate her claims to reality. She was attired, too, with a grace and an attention to the niceties of costume which well contrasted her with her kind-hearted but less fastidious companions. There was a careless dignity in her hat that at once bespoke the rural queen; and the little gloved hand unworthy of the hazel-wood sceptre with which she playfully menaced Lawrence, as reclining from the fatigue of one country dance he watched her float through a second. It might be chance, it might be design, that, as she did so, revealed to him a perfect foot and ankle, defined by the most charming of brocade from Cheltenham. For his part, she seemed the very personification of Anacreon's "neat-ankled maid," except that the ivy was wanting to her wand, and that she danced not to the harp, but to the violin. Perhaps it was so vivid an illustration of the bewitching feet that induced Lawrence to emulate his precepts by copious draughts of cider. Certain it is, that he grew exhilarated and bold, and that, ere the happy voices of the departing guests had died away, he had spoken to Carry in tones which, if more hushed than theirs, soon indicated a yet deeper happiness. As they would slowly from the wicket gate to the house porch, their fate was decided—Lawrence and Caroline were betrothed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A CHRISTMAS-EVE AT WESTMOOR.

THE turnings of our narrative led us back to the dreary spot whence we started—the parish of Westmoor—can-Pittfield. What has been done, or rather suffered, since our scene shifted, though it took years in experience, may be told in a few sentences. Sir Marmaduke Ingley, who generally ignored his younger son's existence, became emphatically conscious of it when the secret of Lawrence's wooing transpired. The baronet, though for the most part cold and wary, was on this occasion roused into passion, and under the heaviest penalties, to which he bound himself by oath, forbade the proposed union.

In vain the mild and staid Lawrence besought, reasoned, and delayed. In vain poor Lady Ingley, who centred in him the interest of an else stagnant life, endeavoured to play the mediator. As Sir Marmaduke continued to hold the marriage in question would bring careless disgrace upon his house, and as he soon felt that to abandon it would bring a like disgrace upon himself, no reconciliation was possible. Lawrence, having first taken orders and obtained the curacy of Westmoor, which was literally going begging by advertisement, united himself to Caroline Newcombe. An annual income of £50 from the curacy, and what occasional help the father of the bride could afford, formed the young couple's sole dependence.

In the course of two years the latter species of aid suddenly ceased by the death of Father Newcombe, who left a pittance barely sufficient for his widow. An attempt of Lady Ingley to assist her son had been discovered by Sir Marmaduke, and, as he swore that a repetition of it should exclude Lawrence from the benefit of even a posthumous forgiveness in his will, the heart-crushed mother judged it more prudent to desist. Lawrence's elder brother, who had chiefly resided abroad from his boyhood, was now with his regiment in India. The only advocacy, there, that could have moved Sir Marmaduke was unavoidably withheld.

The young couple at Westmoor bore up bravely for a time. The sweetness and patience Lawrence was a fund of passive strength difficult to exhaust. In the elastic and loving nature of his wife, too, the poor curate found a constant help and solace. The curate, too, of his husband's habits, and the grace of his mind, so different from the bluntness of her former associates, had deeply impressed Carry, and caused a feeling of reverence to blend with her affection. Nor was the contrast less striking and advantageous between him and the sordid, almost fierce, rage amongst whom his lot was now cast. Besides this, Carry had a touch of romance in her character. She never believed that the relatives of her husband, and as accomplished as Lawrence could remain for ever estranged from her. She indulged herself, dear heart! with visions of his restoration to the parental hearth, and gave her small leisure to such studies as she thought would enable her to do credit to him when that happy time arrived. The most common figure, indeed, under which Lawrence presented himself to her mind was that of a prince shipwrecked on a barbarous coast, and only waiting the accident of a passing vessel to regain his dominions. And when she bestowed on him, as he appeared, a vigorous boy, whose lungs soon bespoke full capacity to retain his rights, natural or acquired, the desert island of Westmoor, as Carry called it, grew very tolerable to those who had been cast upon its shore.

Indeed, during the first five years of Frederick Ingley's existence (the name was assumed after a brother of Lady Ingley who had died young), the ease of parental delight seemed daily to unfold. It was in vain that Lawrence, after his duties, dipped into the eclogues of his father's time. There was a fascination in the baby language of all things new, and which effectually superseded the curate's interest in the things of the world. With the coquetry of twelve months, the little Fred had extended his arms towards his father, and then, shyly retreating, hid his laughing face in Carry's neck; when that

sound peculiar to babies—a sound composed of the vowel *a*, with the prefix of an ambiguous consonant—matured at length into an unmistakable *da, da*; when, by the boy's use of this ejaculation every time Lawrence entered the room, the latter found it was specially applied to himself; you would have thought his transports had reached their height. But, when the little pedestrian, accustomed to the support of the paternal finger, one morning suddenly rejected that aid, and with peals of laughter moved rocking and swaying over a sea of carpet to the landing-place of the nearest chair, the ecstasy of Lawrence reached its climax, and the shout emitted by him was so startling as greatly to enhance the peril of the voyage. He was that day proof against fate, and decided at once that a matter which had cost him so much anxious discussion—the purchase for Freddy of a hat with an imposing plume which Carry had seen in a shop window at the district market town. He drew with glee the requisite half-guinea from his slender purse, and then wiped away the tears which stood in Carry's eyes as he placed the money in her hand. There was no sacrifice, he observed; it was but dining more frequently on bacon, and avoiding butcher's meat; and Carry knew how partial he was to rashes; so she smiled, and they felt they had nothing to wish for except a long life on the part of Lawrence, who was deeply attached to his mother, that Lady Ingley could see the treasure she possessed in her grandson.

But over this calm domestic sky a cloud gathered. Gathered, indeed, is not the word to use, so suddenly did it spring up and darken the horizon. In his sixth year little Freddy, as he bounded down the stairs, missed his footing and rolled down several steps to the bottom. The consequence was a serious local injury, threatening permanent disorder of the spine. For a year and a half the little fellow was scarcely permitted to move. The expenses of medical aid and the little delicacies needed by the invalid rapidly diminished Lawrence's scanty income, and he had not only to bear anxiety for his boy, and also for poor Carry, whose health grew visibly affected, but also to contend against the hardships of actual privation. His troubles, though assuaged, were not dispelled by Freddy's ultimate recovery, by the noble and affectionate disposition which he showed as he grew up, and by the rapid progress which he made under his father's tuition. Arrears had been incurred during the lad's illness which would for long remain a burthen upon Lawrence.

Thus was the life of continued struggle in which poor Carry with herself was involved, the only hand which had been fully active, the poor man was at length haunted by a dread lest his integrity should at last be questioned—lest in the eyes of men disgrace should be added to poverty.

Such had been the state of things for twelve years, when, one gloomy December twilight, an unusual visitor (the postman) knocked at the curate's door and delivered a packet. Opened, its contents proved to be a mourning letter in a strange hand—that of a solicitor—informing Lawrence, by his father's direction, of Lady Ingley's death, and enclosing a bank-note for £10; there was also a letter from the deceased lady herself, whose last request, that it should be conveyed to her son had thus been complied with.

It was a long epistle, written under the presentiment of gradually approaching death. It prayed earnestly that Lawrence, after that event, would not cease to believe in the maternal love which had so harshly been denied an utterance. "It was," urged the unhappy Lady Ingley, "that very love which forced me to choke a mother's impulse. My son, or, rather, let me say my children," she pursued, "I would have hurried to you in your trials, across seas, over mountains, I would have at least shared with you the little I could call my own; but I dared not. I have done so now, however, and you will understand the heart that for your sake has borne that you should doubt it! You must know this in Heaven; but even here be pitiful. No, I mean not that—be just to me, oh! my son; I deserve it!"

This letter Lawrence read through in silence, only screening his eyes with his thin hand, as if against the bright light of a solitary candle. When he had finished he pressed his face into both hands. Carry, when she perceived this, saw no tears, but a look so stern, so unlike his habitual one, that she did not speak to him. Lawrence took the candle, and retired to his chamber, where he remained alone for more than an hour, when some of the labourers at the colliery rushed into the house with news of an accident. A large mass of earth had suddenly given way, and descended upon several of the workpeople with their children. Two men and a boy were killed upon the spot. The remainder, who had sustained serious injuries, were with difficulty brought alive to the surface.

Even under his present grief Lawrence could not delay to visit the sufferers. He returned, however, after a short absence, and with an increased gloss of expression. One of his greatest trials had been the small influence he was able to obtain over his parishioners. The modest hesitancy of his manner, and the somewhat fastidious and circumlocutory language which had become natural to him, was a bad medium for addressing the almost fierce race amongst which he dwelt. His earnest, but gentle appeals from the pulpit, and his household ministrations, had been often met with a sort of ill-restrained contempt, if not with a sullen rejection.

As Lawrence approached the cluster of huts which lay between his house and the colliery, he observed several men bearing a lad in their arms, who had evidently received some severe injury. The sufferer uttered a cry of pain as his rough but not unskilful supporters attempted to change his position. The curate sprang hastily forward, and endeavored himself to adjust the painful load more tenderly. But his trembling arms were unequal to the task, and a still shriller cry showed how unfortunate had been the interposition. The mother of the boy, who had rushed from the house, turned upon Lawrence with a strain of coarseness invective.

"The lot, the hellish lot!" she cried, "that thought himself so much above common folk, he must speak to them in a senseless gibberish at church. Couldn't he keep his head bowed till he shuffled for, and not wrench the limbs off of honest people's children?" And a sullen murmur from the group expressed their assent to her words.

"Why was I born to a life that is useless to any one?" exclaimed Lawrence suddenly to his wife's anxious questioning. She made no reply, but knelt by him; and Frederick, who was now fifteen, rose from his books, and with a look of defiance to slanders in general, took his post by his father's side.

A useful life, Lawrence! to which the charge of two immortals has been given, the one self-trusted by the faith of love, the other a boon relying on himself, a freight of human sympathies and hopes which shall land on eternity, could his life be useless! Lawrence felt this unuttered appeal, as he looked at his wife and son; the brief bitterness passed from his heart, and left only a chastened sorrow.

It was three weeks afterwards, and on a Christmas-eve, that Lawrence, accompanied by Fred, now his constant associate, had gone to the market town before mentioned, to make some inquiries as to a small legacy for one of his parishioners. There had been a heavy fall of snow that afternoon, and the day was dark before the father and son, cold and wet, reached their home. But the look of anxiety which Carry welcomed them was exchanged when they came down stairs, re-appraised, to the fire; for a sly demer look, a smiling rill that gradually broadened and deepened into a river of mirth, completely overpowered her face.

"Well, Carry?" said her husband with a puzzled look. Her answer was to dive beneath a heap of fagots in their little parlour-kitchen, and to hold out exactly a bag of pheasants.

Had she exhibited a casket of family jewels, Lawrence could not have looked more astonished.

The mystery was thus explained. An old college acquaintance of Lawrence, who had become a successful advocate, was in the north for a few days on a shooting excursion. Having met with Lawrence's name, she thought that it might really designate his old friend had occurred to him. Inquiry of Mrs. Ingley had confirmed his hope. The result was an instant despatch of the bag of pheasants, with an intimation that the donor wished himself to supper that very night.

After reading and re-reading the little note which bore the well-remembered signature of Charles Morton, Lawrence stood for a while staring with an expression of bewilderment somewhat pathetic. "Morton! Charles Morton!" he at last ejaculated, and then, still incredulous, rubbed his hands with a sort of cautious and sceptical glee. But there was no longer room for doubt when, with the assistance of an active, smiling lass, Carry had fairly got the pheasants upon the broach.

The bright clear fire, the busy murmur with which the jack called attention to the discharge of its duty, and, finally, the delicate and savoury odour that wound through the kitchen, all bore witness to a reality. Lawrence drew his chair before the comforting warmth; and a quiet smile, not untouched with sadness, broke over his face. That he would actually up from those pheasants was a proposition that was rapidly gaining strength in his mind. But this thought, though sufficiently important and strange, was by no means the bound of his musings. The cheerful kitchen-range, and the fragrance with which the roasting delicacies assailed his nostrils, seemed to transport him to a distant world—that of his boyhood. He remembered, as if he were present, the large kitchen in his father's house, with its cured meats suspended from the roof, the barons of beef that in long ago Christmas had revolved before its fire, and the warm scent of cakes in the oven, which had so often tempted him when a child to invade the domain of the cook. He vividly remembered being expelled from this region, and then he entered in thought the various passages and rooms of the mansion, lingering last in that where his mother used to sit; and then on a footstool at her knee he fancied he beheld Carry and Freddy. He had quite forgotten the tall youth beside him, the constant associate who beguiled him of many a dull hour by discussing with him his father's affairs. He looked not on the lad's face, as it now was firmly defined, though it was still intelligent and sensible; he saw the boy of two years, with his wistful untutored gaze, and fancied that Lady Ingley stooped to kiss him. Lawrence, thus wandering through a past life, started, almost with a sense of wrong, when a loud quick knock awoke him from his reverie. But when Charles Morton entered, grasped him by both hands, and saluted him by his old college appellation of Cordon (referring to him who vanquished Thyrus), the curate of Westmoor was fairly overcome. This allusion to old and cherished pursuits, in which, except Frederick, not a soul had sympathized for years, set in a flood of associations which Lawrence could no longer resist. With laughing eyes, though the tears poured down his cheeks, he hugged his friend to his bosom. A calmer interval succeeded. Affectionate and serious for the most part, though occasionally varied with merriment, was the converse of the friends circle that night. The group did not separate till the bells of the hamlet church broke in upon a pause and warned them that it was no longer Christmas-eve.

### CHAPTER THE LAST.

#### ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EVE.

NEARLY ten years have elapsed since the Christmas-eve which we have just recorded; but we can no more notice them than do the ingenious painters of moving panoramas the dull scenery that intervenes between their points of interest.

Resuming our narrative, we find ourselves in London, and, turning down an archway in Chancery-lane, we enter that grave temple of civil justice where the Master of the Rolls is wont to preside after each law term. It was a clear cold morning, during the sittings after Michaelmas. A few members of the Chancery bar sat scattered over the benches. Already had the usher prayed silence with a terror-stricken frown which he deemed it his duty to direct towards the green baize door. One of the most affable of Judges had taken his seat after this intimidating prelude; and the "part-heard" cause for the day had been called on.

"Who appears for the defendant?" inquired his Lordship, observing no movement amongst the silk gowns.

"My learned friend, Mr. F—, please your Lordship; but he is engaged in an appeal before the Lords," replied the opposing Queen's Counsel.

"But the cause was specially appointed for the day," observed the Judge, who, with all his courtesy, was a strict disciplinarian; "if any gentleman is with Mr. F—, I shall hear him."

A junior barrister, evidently wanting some years of thirty, now rose. Notwithstanding his youth, and the comparative rarity of his appearance in court, the Judge turned to him with a gracious inclination. The young man's name had already been favourably known in literature, and his Lordship was a man of taste.

"I appear, my Lord, in the absence of my learned friend."

"Proceed, Mr. Ingley."

At these words a heavy-built elderly gentleman, in whose face pomposity struggled with querulous anxiety, half started from the place he occupied by his solicitor.

This man was the defendant in the suit, Sir Marmaduke Ingley.

The young barrister abut to plead for him was his grandson, Frederick Ingley, the son of the poor curate of Westmoor.

The advent of Charles Morton at Westmoor had been a turning-point in Frederick's life. Struck with his manners and talents, Morton never forgot him, and, on a second visit to his father, offered to procure the young man a reportership upon the press, and to receive him into his own chambers. By reporting and literary composition, Fred had struggled to the bar; and a sound work on the practice of his profession had procured him the confidence of more than one solicitor. Amongst these was the London agent of Sir Marmaduke Ingley, who, little dreaming from the young advocate's frugal living, of his relationship to the baronet, had given Frederick a junior brief in the important case of "Sanders v. Ingley." Sir Marmaduke had only arrived in London the previous day, and, knowing that a distinguished leading counsel had been retained, bestowed no thought upon his second.

The fate of Sir Marmaduke hung upon the issue of that suit. Ostentations and ambitions, he had greatly diminished his fortune, and had vested almost all his remaining wealth in the purchase of a large and imposing estate in his native county. His solicitor had advised him against the purchase, deeming the vendor's title to the estate, though strictly honest, not legally secure. Sir Marmaduke, however, was not to be deterred, and became a purchaser, though the conditions of sale included the proviso that the vendor should not be answerable for any defect of title before the property came into his hands. A flaw anterior to the event had since been alleged by a new claimant, whose success would have rendered Sir Marmaduke impoverished beyond remedy. Will the moralist forgive Frederick for the stern look that by his talents he might heap upon the man who had cast out his father the blood of ruin, and then have the right to pass on disclaiming his thanks? After a long and cogent argument, the exertions of the "junior" were crowned with success, and Sir Marmaduke was confirmed in his possessions. Leaving court, he eyed Frederick with a look of uncertainty and wonder, and shuffled forward as the latter entered the lobby. But the young man, having turned on him a steady glance, went by without a sign of recognition.

Quicker even than the electric despatch, we dart from London and alight at the curate's house in Westmoor. He certainly looking older than when we parted, but his face wears a more than usual serenity; and, notwithstanding Carry's growth in matronly repose, there is a veiled sparkle in her eyes something like that which, in old times, greeted Lawrence in the orchard-walk. She moves busily, too, about the house; and, whilst her husband admiringly criticises a new gown-cut, you see her flit across the floor, and a moment after hear her voice giving directions to her little helpmaid from the upper story. This tale is eventually explained by the descent of a portmanteau and sundry handboxes from the decent of a portmanteau, when the dowered leaves her alone with Carry. Carry follows, and, round him with a warm caress and a look of such mingled love and happiness as it was a luxury to behold—to say nothing of the wearing of it. And they had good cause for joy; the son on whom their hopes were fixed, and for whose good they had borne the pang of a long separation, had given year by year new proofs of his affection, had helped them by the consecrated aid of his earnings, had made their names honourable before men, and they were about to set forth to meet him in Yorkshire, whence he proposed journeying with them for a few miles to a destination which he had chanced to leave unmentioned.

Ah, what help, what health, of mind and body, had this good son been to Lawrence! The spirit of cheerfulness and action had renewed itself in his breast. Even the labouring poor around him, though they failed to understand his discourses, had learned to revere the loving serenity of his life. It is true he sighed when he thought how much more suited to their spiritual necessities had been the broad style of practical and homely illustration used by a reverend brother who had



lately officiated at Westmore during the curate's temporary illness. "I have not the gift to instruct them," mused the latter; "but they love me." And that thought consoled him.

In the evening of the day on which they started, our travellers duly reached the Yorkshire station, where Frederick waited to welcome them. Pain would we'd upon the proud and joyful greetings interchanged between him and his parents; but our narrative, which has more than once halted for explanation, must push on, that we may not strain the reader's patience before arriving at our terminus.

The novel and ingenious metaphor which we have just achieved was probably suggested by the succession of easy railway journeys which Lawrence and Carry made with their son to various points of interest. About a week after they had left their home, and on the day which was to end in another Christmas-eve, the party found themselves many a mile south of broad Yorkshire, and entering upon a district where the landscape presented, in gentle variety, fair cottages nooked in their evergreen shrubberies, fire-crowned terraces, and ledges of brown hills, severed by the railway, and glowing like walls of fire in the clear December sun. The beauty of the scene, the rapid motion, above all, their domestic happiness, filled the hearts of Lawrence and Carry with an unspeakable gratitude that made their faces look like silent hymns. The solemnity of joy in their aspects found a contrast in the exultation which lit that of Frederick. In the course of the day several gentlemen entered the carriage, and the conversation turning at last upon social and religious topics, Lawrence expressed the interest of a pious heart in language which charmed his auditors by its earnestness and grace.

"He would be a man understood here," thought Carry, as under cover of her plaid her hand stole to her husband's and tenderly pressed it.

The light was low in the west, and objects began to assume a romantic vagueness. There was something phantasmal in the partial drifts of snow, which several keen though bright days had prevented from dispersing, and in the pools—darkly red in the setting light—over which the forms of many a skater indistinctly glided. Lanterns, too, were seen on every platform bursting into the carriages with a kind of luminous laughter as they halted. And there was vast unloading of hands, with voices of eager questioners, and at times, a gleeful chorus from boys who had accompanied their fathers to meet the Christmas cheer. The spirit of Christmas—peace, faith, and love combined—dwelt in the hearts of the Inglesbys—parents and son.

At last the moment came for them to quit the train. They did so, and entered a carriage which was in waiting for them outside the station. The moon had risen, and, with a troop of stars, crowned the groves which on either side skirted the road. There was purity and awe in the deep stillness which reigned on every side, till one by one the glimmering lights of cottages, or the distant illumination of a mansion, indicated the neighbourhood of a town or village. Soon the lights became more clustered, and the silver spire of a church caught the eye of Lawrence as the carriage wound into the centre of the hamlet.

They stopped for a minute at a lodge-gate, and Lawrence thought they were about to turn down the avenue which it guarded. But the keeper told them to drive on to the rectory, saying that his master, Mr. Morton, would immediately join them.

You would have seen by daylight that the rectory was a quaint solid-looking structure of brick faced with stone. It stood, screened by beech-trees, at some little distance from the road. Passing through the hall, you would find the rear of the house opened up to a terrace which overhung one of the most picturesque of our southern rivers. The attention, however, of Lawrence and Carry was attracted by the comfortable appearance of the front, several windows in which were lighted as if for expected guests.

The party having descended and entered the house, the *bona-fide* of a library was thrown open for their reception. The walls were lined with choice books, many of them classical and theological. But enjoyments more immediately tempting were those pledged by a blazing fire, and by a tea equipt upon the table.

Lawrence seemed as if waiting for an explanation. At length, he inquired, with a smiling embarrassment, "Where is our host? I trust we are not intruders!"

"There are no intruders here, my dear Corydon, but myself and my friend," said Charles Morton, who at that moment entered the room with a stranger, whose bearing and military address at once denoted his profession. Frederick advanced to him, and greeted him warmly. Lawrence gazed on the stranger's face, as if he had seen it in a dream. "Lawrence," said the latter, extending his hand, "let your brother, though he has little deserved it, give you the first welcome to your new home."

"His home!" exclaimed Carry. "We have not space to record the broken dialogue, by which it appeared that, through the influence of some of Frederick's seniors at the bar, the living at Fairthorp, which was in the gift of the Chancellor, had been conferred upon Lawrence. Nor can we detail the circumstances of Major Marmaduke Inglesby's return to England, from which he had been an absentee almost since childhood; nor how he was moved to make himself known to his nephew Frederick, and to investigate the reasons which had so long exiled Lawrence Inglesby from his father's house. Neither can we give any lengthened report of what Lawrence said when his good fortune was explained; for the simple reason that he said so little. After his first amazement had subsided he pressed every body's hand in silence, and suffered himself quietly to be placed in the easy chair. Carry, too, was silent; but, when the last cup of tea had been poured out, she drew near to the fire by the side of her husband, and set quietly in the corner, her feet on the fender, her hands gently clasped, and her eyes shining through unrestrained tears. At length, glancing at her son, she whispered, "Lawrence, he has done it all!"

Some minutes having elapsed, Major Inglesby motioned his brother aside, and after a few words, deep emotion was visible in the face of the latter.

"I never hoped for it," said Lawrence; "but can you doubt my answer?"

Here Frederick interposed. "Not to-night, not at least this happy night," he exclaimed.

"Would it be happy longer, my son, if we refused?" said Lawrence. "But when I think upon all the misery which my grandfather's unrelenting sternness has brought upon the parents whom I love."

Here Carry approached.

"And whose best claim to your love," rejoined his father, "was, that they strove to live in Christian charity and forbearance towards all men!"

"But, sir," persisted Frederick, "your mother, whose life she severity embittered and shortened!"

"Ah, my mother," exclaimed Lawrence, "wert thou now amongst us! What would she bid us do, Carry?"

"Love and forbear," answered Carry.

"She would, my son," said the minister solemnly.

Never had Frederick so revered him as when he replied, "My father, you are right."

We do not intend, for the sake of a happy "winding up," to transform Sir Marmaduke Inglesby into an affectionate and generous man. A life of mean and selfish ambition had too far exhausted the moral strength which character tends to rally. But that pitying angel, so loth to see the human heart utterly desecrated, in the last hold of our kept utter ruin at bay. The man who had treated his wife so harshly when living missed her uncomplaining patience when he lost her. And when, on Major Inglesby's return, to whom all his thoughts had been devoted, he found his eldest son treating him with cold respect, and sympathy with the banishment of his wife, a sense of desolation and remorse, and a selfish yearning for a fiction that was, however, better than selfish apathy, seized upon Sir Marmaduke.

"Take me to your brother," he said to Major Inglesby, whom he could not bear from his sight, and with whom he had travelled to Fairthorp, remaining at the inn.

Wheels were shortly heard at the gate of the rectory, and Major Inglesby left the room. Before the fire, surrounded by his wife, Frederick, and his faithful friend Morton, stood THE RECTOR. His hand, locked to Carry's, trembled, and his eyes are fixed upon the door. At length it opens, and after Major Inglesby enters a somewhat bent and grey-haired man, who shades his eyes, and looks for a moment dubiously at Lawrence, then totters forward into his extended arms.

Who shall say that the mother said it not—that there was not one of the rejoicing spirits at that CHRISTMAS LIZARD?

## THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS.

BY Mrs. T. K. HERVEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT.

Friends that gather round thy hearth  
When the snows envelop earth  
Shall have greeting fonder,  
If in summer twilight's glow  
Mistily stray'd, and tenderly  
In their bush did ponder.

Angel faces Youth beholds  
When the veil of Time unfolds,  
Though so soon it closes,  
Once beheld are known till death;  
And on Memory's bosom Faith  
Faintly reposes.

Outward beauty thus awakes  
Human love, and but forsores  
That the inward yearning,  
By its passion may create  
Griefs rather than await  
Mortal sight's discerning.

### CHAPTER I.

In a retired dwelling on the borders of Dartmoor lived many years back a man who passed by the name of Paul Corolla. Little was clearly known about him beyond the fact that he was a trader in flowers. Some few whispered that he also dealt in poisons, while others loudly proclaimed him a magician—a dabbler in the black art. The man was, moreover, a collector of simples; and many were the country people who sought the habitation of the flower-dealer for remedies of all kinds. He was, indeed, frequently solicited to furnish charms and spells whose potency was supposed to avail against ills which no human hand could alleviate or arrest—the trial and the burden of the mortal sorrow.

With such a reputation it may well be surmised that many unaccountable stories went abroad concerning the man and his pursuits. What most puzzled the curious was, that, instead of the mystery and seclusion which are generally supposed to belong to the dealers in occult sciences, here all was open and undisguised. The house of Paul Corolla was a habitation of the most perfect simplicity. Looking at its plain brick walls, and ordinary-sized windows, its long and slightly-fenced garden, and its spacious hothouse, the most exuberant imagination could scarcely entertain the notion of artifice or concealment. The dress of Paul, moreover, was scarcely suggestive of the necromancer. It was odd, certainly, or, rather, it was somewhat out of keeping with the habits of a trader, and was suited, rather, to the ease and indolence of the successful merchant, than to the condition of a man who laboured with his hands, as Paul evidently did. He generally wore a long loose coat, reaching below his knees, and leaving the exact fashion of his nether garments a matter of doubt. His head, when it was covered at all, which was rarely, was surmounted by a cloth cap, resembling in shape the ancient baronial cap. His hair was slightly grizzled, but not grey; his eyes mild, but searching. His only companion was a negro boy, who appeared to act as his servant, and who was reputed to be deaf and dumb.

One evening, late in the summer, as the twilight of the shortening day deepened and closed, Paul was seated in the little back parlour of his house, as usual, alone. On the table before him stood a solitary plant, in a common red earthen pot. The plant was of that species known to botanists as the *Frasinella*, or "little ash." As Paul lightly touched its pink flowers and feathered foliage, apparently occupied in studying the condition of the plant, a hasty knock was heard; and the next moment the negro boy showed his woolly head at the door, and, making a sign to his master, ushered in a young man of somewhat disturbed aspect. The youth, who could scarcely have seen more than nineteen summers, had that free, frank, open face which at once prepossessed the beholder in his favour. But his eyes were a look of restless excitement, and his lip quivered with some inward emotion.

As the youth found himself thus suddenly in the presence of Paul Corolla, the calm and unmoved bearing of the reputed magician appeared to act as a momentary check upon the outward manifestation of the passions which stirred within him. He took the offered seat which Paul drew forward, and was about to speak, when, glancing behind, he caught the eyes of the negro boy fixed intently upon him.

"Do not mind the boy," said Paul, noticing his hesitation; "he has eaten of the dumb cane," and at a look from his master the boy slunk into a corner. "Speak!" continued Paul, "what is your pleasure?"

"A moment since," cried the youth, rising restlessly, and turning to go, "a moment since I arrested my steps at your threshold, scarcely knowing whom or what I sought. Your presence has awakened me: I have been a fool. Pardon me, and farewell!"

"Yet, stay a moment," returned Paul, eyeing the young man with some interest. "You sought the magician; remain at least with the host. I do not entice you with the promise of a love-philtre or a charm against the plague; but there are more things in nature than you dream of, and perhaps—"

Paul stopped; for the young man had reseated himself, and, placing his two elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. There followed a few moments during which neither spoke. At length the young man looked up. As he did so he started on seeing that the plant which stood on the table before him, and which his bowed-down head had almost touched, was illumined by a soft, blue light which ran over every leaf and branch. A balsamic odour at the same time filled the room, so strong as to be almost overpowering.

"This is juggling," cried the youth, as he at the same time drew back his chair.

Paul Corolla smiled. "You do not like the light?" he said, and he lifted the plant from the table, and put candles in its place. "Come, I will humour you," he continued. "You dislike my *Frasinella*; I will exchange it for my sweet gall. These tapers are composed of the wax produced from our Devonshire myrtle; nature's production equally with the other." The tapers were lighted; and again a delicious odour, most grateful to the sense, filled the chamber of the Flower Magician.

"You are no common man," said his visitor, gazing boldly and steadfastly in the face of Paul. "You have bidden me stay—and I have tarried. But what are these shows to me; to me, a man racked in heart and brain? Pshaw! it is child's play!" And a sneer curled a lip beautiful even in its scorn. "Send me forth wiser, stronger, freer than I came, or in Heaven's name let me go!"

"Hark to the cry of the river!" said Paul, as if he had not heard him. "Hark! the Dart is full to-night, and comes roaring down into the valley. You know our saying here in Dartmoor?"

River of Dart, river of Dart,  
Every year thou cleavest a heart.

What say you? That knell rang in your ear as you took refuge from your own thoughts upon my threshold. Go, fulfil the prophecy of the fool who first uttered it. Go, lest the river should this year lack its victim, and so throw discredit on the soothsayer. You are silent. Shall

I guide your steps rather to Cranmere pool, whence the swollen Dart rushes down busy and strong as breathing buoyant human life? There, it is said, you may mingle your wail with that of the unhappy who fill its drear morasses with their groans."

"You mock me: this tradition—"

"Love itself is a tradition," pursued Paul, his eyes intently bent upon the countenance of his visitor; "so at least you will account it when you have lived to my years: just a juggle, a counterfeit; a worn-out tradition, believed in by our fathers, trusted in by ourselves. This is all that I know of it now; yet, you see, I am calm."

"You speak deeply: sorcerer or not, you read my heart," said the youth. "Know, then, the whole. I am reckless, despairing. I loved—I love still, with the hazardous passion of the gambler; of one whose all is staked upon a single die. She whom I so blindly worshipped once vowed that she loved me in return. Now, all at once, without one parting word of peace for memory to starve upon, I am scorned, rejected, banished! From what quarter can comfort come to a wretch like me? Other women have loved, and been sickle; but Alice Cranstone has no heart."

Stirred by the passion under which he spoke, the young man rose suddenly, and paced the room to and fro. But Paul spoke not. A strange cloud—a momentary expression of bitter sternness—passed over the usually calm face of the man, Corolla, at the last words uttered by his guest. The young man saw it, and, supposing himself to be in some way the cause, would have withdrawn somewhat abruptly. But Paul, with restored calmness, said, "It is nothing. Do not go. You are not a boy to be chilled by a passing change of mood. And yet," he added, after a pause, "perhaps you are right. I think we are neither of us quite ourselves to-night. But, if you do not quite condemn me as a trifler—a charlatan—visit me here again. I have done you at least no harm for this time. Your next coming may, possibly, be more propitious. Your name is?"

"Philip Tremerehere."

### CHAPTER II.

As Philip passed from Corolla's door, the negro boy, unnoticed, slipped out after him. An hour had scarcely elapsed before the boy returned to the house; and, having carefully made fast the outer door, crept into the room where his master still stood, rapt in bitter musing, and whispered in his ear:—

"Buckra man go play—so!" and he shook his hand in imitation of the movement of a dice-box.

"Where?" inquired his master.

"Down by de river, up by de big house. Many number young mans dere: all make merry—smoky, drinky. Dey see Buckra man go by. Dey shout, 'Pheelp, Pheelp!' Massa Philip he go in dere: he lose money; he look sad. Nigger boy see him through de window. Young mans laugh. He play again: shake de box—so, like mad! Gor! how him set him teeth!" And the young black showed his own white teeth by way of mimicry.

"Enough—now go; chew the dumb cane, and be still."

But again the knocker was assailed. This time it was raised by a woman's hand.

"What is your business, my good woman?" demanded Paul, somewhat impatiently, as he himself unfasted the door.

"My young lady is taken badly, sir," was the woman's answer.

"My mistress is from home, and belike I may be doing wrong, but I heard you were larned in leechcraft, sir; so, may it please you, just step down, a weary way though it be, and give her a simple."

"And who may your mistress be?" questioned Paul.

"Miss Alice Cranstone, of the Hollies, so please you, sir."

Again a contracting of the brows showed Paul Corolla to be all at ease.

"Lead the way, then," was his somewhat tasty reply; and the two went out along the moors.

The summer night was dark and starless, the moon had not yet risen; no sound broke the stillness of the dreary moorland waste as Paul pursued his way onward—no sound, at least, more earthly than that voice to which he had recently alluded as "the cry of the river." This cry, as is well known, is that louder sound of the water which rises towards nightfall. To-night it rang with more than its wonted solemnity upon the ear of Paul; and while the imagination of his more simple companion beguiled the way with legend of pixey and rock-sprite—the cloven hoof that ascended the lofty mass of the Dowerstone—the black headless dog of the Valley of Plym—the stone circles raised when there were "wolves on the hills, and winged serpents on the lowlands"—the Hell Tor, where Satan strove with King Arthur—or the "nine stones" that held their daily dance under the noontide sun—all the while the thoughts of Paul Corolla were with the days of his youth and of his love. His soul looked through the darkness, and he beheld that same track of moorland as he had beheld it of old—that very ground he had trodden years and years ago. Again, in fancy, the strong spiny branches of the golden linden sprang elastic from beneath his youthful tread; the azure bluebell drooped its head, burdened with beauty; the wild heath rustled, and the herby thyme scented the fresh moorland gale, that died down fainting with sweetness. Paul did not know until that night how young he was still at heart.

Alice Cranstone, the girl whose sick-room he had been thus unexpectedly called upon to visit, lay shivering like one in an ague-fit. As her pale, sweet face reposed sideways on the pillow, Paul gazed upon its almost child-like beauty, and marvelled at the dull and despairing madness of Philip Tremerehere. Aided by his recently-acquired knowledge of her quarrel with her lover, he divined at once how much of real bodily sickness was here, and how much of disorder was the mind's work. Lodily ill the poor child was, however; and a glance round the room soon served to initiate the Flower Magician into the secret but simple cause of her malady.

"You have wandered far in search of these flowers," he said to her; at the same time lifting from a table near a large quantity of the sweet-smelling, but sickly, *Syrcea uharria*. "You found this meadow-sweet sufficiently fragrant, doubtless, or you would scarcely have encumbered yourself with so plentiful a burthen."

The sick girl answered, like one in a dream, "I did not know I had wandered so far—I did not know I had gathered so much—I—I was thinking of something else."

"You believe in charms?" questioned Paul.

The lip of Alice blanched more and more as she responded, "I do not know. I sometimes think that some charm must have power over me, that I am possessed; why else—oh! why else, am I so weak?" and she wrung her hands in sickness of soul.

Paul, who had watched his opportunity, now, while the attendant had for a moment withdrawn, drew from beneath his vest a few sprigs of his favourite mignonette. "Take this, my child," said he; "lay it next your heart. It is the seeds of the ancients, potent to calm and appease all suffering, whether of body or of mind." And, as he bent over the sick girl to place the flowers in her hand, he whispered hastily in her ear, "Be of good cheer! I will watch over your Philip, and restore him to you, if it be possible. I have seen him, and I believe he bears a soul less unworthy than it seems. Take heart, but be silent. And now farewell," he added aloud. "But stay, you must purchase this charm in kind, or it will not yield one half of its proper virtues. I am sorry to deprive you of your favourite nosegay, but you must give me this meadowsweet to carry away with me; I have a use for it."





THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS.—DRAWN BY GILBERT.





## CHRISTMAS EVE.

And keep yonder window open awhile; the air is heavy with its odour."

A silent look of rapturous thankfulness from Alice, and a stealthy smile on the part of Paul, and the Flower Magician moved out, to tread his solitary way back across the lonely moor. What this short interview with that mere child had cost him; what he had felt, and how he had subdued the emotions that almost mastered him; was known only to himself. The longing of the heart he had felt to fold her to his breast and call her his child; the thirst with which he craved—childless and mateless as he was—to watch over and shield her tender youth from harm, no soul may divine. Few, indeed, could they have known his whole history, could have fully sympathised with him. But Paul Corolla was, as Philip had said, no common man. Early disappointment had wrought nobly upon a noble nature; and, if now and then a momentary strain of bitterness came over him, it passed

again, and left him calm and enduring as before—trustful in Nature—faithful to himself.

It was a singular chance, but it so fell out that as Paul turned his steps away from that door-step, full of such hopeless longing of the heart, another mortal creature full of feeling as fervid as his own, and one whose destiny had formerly appeared to be woven with his own too closely for mortal hand to unravel, approached the spot he had just quitted. It was the mother of Alice Cranstone. Strange, indeed, was it that, as that night's moon rose up clear and bright in the summer heaven, they two should stand, almost together, beneath the same broad belt of light—so near, yet oh! how far apart! Nineteen leaden years had sped on heavy wings since that same pair had breathed God's blessed air on that same span of earth. The same heavens—the same stars—were above them as of old; but they two, how were they changed! Each passed on, and knew not the other.

Little wonder was it that Paul had clung to nature as a child clings to its mother's breast; little wonder that he worshipped her—and her alone—in all her forms of wondrous beauty, looking upon her ever as the sole type of the Immutable.

### CHAPTER III.

INFORMED with that elastic spirit which seeks and finds "good in everything," and inspired now by a new and engrossing object of interest, Paul began to experience an increased relish for life. He seemed to feel at last that he stood not quite alone. Human sympathies, which alone he had lacked, and, wanting which, even the exhaustless resources of Nature herself were insufficient fully to satisfy his being once more stirred within him. His whole thoughts were centered upon Alice and her lover. All the energies of his mind he determined to devote



to the accomplishment of one end—the reformation of Philip, who he rightly conjectured had been discarded by Alice on account of such habits and companions as those in the midst of which he had been discovered by the acute West Indian. Philip Tremerehew was yet very young, and Paul felt hopeful that to induce him to relinquish his present companions and their evil influence he needed only the substitution of some other stimulus—required only to be led by gentle means to engage in some better and wiser pursuit. All things appeared to favour him. Philip had lost little time in renewing his visit to the Flower Magician. Struck by the originality of Paul's mind, he sought him again, and at first merely to satisfy a restless curiosity, or, perhaps, with some latent hope of deriving counsel and aid from one whose frank and cordial bearing was so much in unison with his own. He soon, however, grew to like the man Corolla; and it was not long before a firm friendship sprang up between the two—a friendship rare between persons of different ages. But, though he had numbered more years than his companion, his mind, in acquiring its full vigour, had lost little or nothing of the freshness of youth. The greatest good promised to result from their intercourse. Not only did Philip find himself insensibly drawn to adopt the same modes of thinking as his friend, but Paul was soon able to lead him to enter heart and soul into his own tranquil pleasures. Vegetable chemistry became in a short time Philip's most engrossing and absorbing pursuit. Night after night, the two might be seen employed together in the small laboratory into which Paul had converted one of the rooms of his house. Here, while Paul was busied in preparing decoctions of the various medicinal herbs and plants which grew in abundance about the neighbourhood, Philip would, perhaps be sitting, the blowpipe in his mouth, producing, with the aid of Nature's magic, a colourless glass, by the simple fusion of a wheaten straw.

Thus passed the remaining months of summer; and autumn drew on, ripe with its burlen of fruits. Meanwhile the fame of Paul Corolla had spread itself still further abroad, and people began to come from far and near, to see and judge for themselves what manner of man he was. Many lured with some soul-disease, true believers in that lore which taught that the simplest wayside flower may be administered for "the comfort of the heart, and the driving away of sorrow," sought him for his simples. Others openly implored him to drive hence, by any means, the internal enemy of their peace, whose presence maddened and rendered life a hell.

One night, when Philip had left him, and he was about to relinquish his labours until the morning sun, Paul was startled by an apparition as singular as unexpected. At the moment when the negro boy was in the act of closing up the house for the night, a female figure, closely veiled, slipped past him through the open door, and entered at once unannounced into the presence of the Flower Magician. The manner of her coming struck Paul as that of one whose courage to encounter the reputed necromancer had failed at the last moment. His mysterious visitor remained standing in the shadow of the room, and seemed to gaze past rather than at him. It was impossible to trace her features; but the first sound of her voice thrilled through the soul of Corolla, and sent the blood bounding through heart and brain like the rush of the Dart River.

"I am here to seek your aid, Paul Corolla," she said. "Not long since you rised from sickness to health: one whose love is my solitary good and blessing. Whatever spell you called down on her, it was potent to heal and save, and worked as a miracle, swift and strong. Is the physician of these moors equally skilled to cure those maladies of the mind which waste its mortal frame to a shadow, thus? and she raised from beneath her mantle hands

So vain and transparent of hue,  
You might have seen the moon shine through.

"Behold these wasted hands," she continued, "and judge what my malady must be. The sickness under which I suffer is in my brain: upon my heart; I am consumed with the constant pressure of one haunting thought—the constant recurrence of one miserable dream. One face, one form known and loved in early youth, is ever before me. Nothing can free me from it. As surely as the night comes, as surely comes this dream—the nightmare of the heart. During my one short year of wedded life, the very thought was banished as a forbidden thing; but no sooner was I free than back the haunting shadow came, more constant, more terrible in its unsought presence, because once so forcibly shut out. I strive against it; I battle with its despair; in my waking hours I task myself with books; I labour with my hands; I go abroad into other scenes. All is unavailing. Speak! What can you do for me?"

Breathless, and exhausted with the passionate energy with which she spoke, Paul saw that strength failed her. "Take this," he said, while he poured from a phial an infusion he had just prepared. As he did so, he contrived to change his position, so that the light should not fall upon his face. His voice was husky with emotion, and scarcely needed the effort he was evidently making to disguise its tone. Something in his manner possibly struck her as singular; and for a moment she hesitated to accept the offered draught.

"Fear not to drink," he said; "the infusion is simple: an ancient remedy, sacred to the memory of its discoverer, Gentius of Illyria. Its virtues are alike prized by the hardy Swiss, and the more feeble natives of our West Indian Isles. Have faith, and drink."

But the cup fell from her hand. "That you have visited those far-off lands, I know," she cried. "You are said to have spent a life there. Tell me where—in which of those distant islands you have been a dweller?"

"In the 'Island of Humming-birds,' as we call it there," answered Corolla. "You know something of it?"

"Tristral!" And she drew closer to Paul, that not a word, a breath of his should escape her. "It is a vain, vague hope, I know," she cried, eagerly; "yet it was this hope that half lured me hither. Can it be? is it possible that you should ever have met one who lived and died there?—one who—his name was—?" But she could not utter it.

Taking a letter from a drawer, Paul tore off the signature and placed it before her, saying quietly, "That was the man."

Florence Cranstone—for it was indeed the mother of Alice—did not start or faint. But her eager ear clung to his words. She believed him to be a magician, now, in truth, and, filled with a degree of awe that had her spellbound, she motioned with her hand for him to speak further.

"I knew him well," he said, "none better. I was his second self: he ever laid bare his inmost heart before me. He had been early disappointed; but he learnt to bear the ill like a man. He had loved and wooed among these moors. Lover to him was the fierce mountain storm, sweeping yonder moorland ridge, than all the glowing, sunlit gardens of those islands of the West: dearer to his ear the burr of the wild plover's wing, than the flutter of plumes flashing like living gems through the tropic air. But he was at peace: what would you more?"

"Nothing," his soul is satisfied!"

She turned to go; but Paul arrested her step on the threshold.

"Yet a moment stay," he cried. "To one haunted as you profess to be, such comfort as I have given is little. What if my power extends further? Are you prepared for all that it might reveal to you?"

"Anything—anything of him! But oh! what can bring rest to the one miserable, torturing thought, that he died—died, lonely and forsaken, never knowing that I too was betrayed even more dearly than he?"

"How?" she asked, before I was false?"

"How?"—Slandered? exclaimed Paul, in a tone that made Florence Cranstone start, and sent a knell through her heart like a voice from the far-off grave.

"Even so. They told me he had wedded. That falsehood was proved—too late!"

"Too late?" returned Paul, as he sprang to her side. "Too late? Never, never while there is life and truth, is love too late! Florence, my Florence, my own lost love!" and Florence Cranstone fell like one dead upon the strong heart of Paul Corolla.

## CHAPTER IV.

Were this a tale of younger loves it might well close here. But the shadows of a life are like the moorland mists, not to be swept away with one light breath, or curled heavenward at the first call of the sun. So heavily did the past still press upon the memory of Florence, and so difficult did she find it to realise the strange change which had fallen upon her life, that she yielded to an impulse it was impossible to control, and for a time almost entirely withdrew herself into the seclusion of her own home, to ponder upon the present, and gradually accustom herself to the contemplation of the possible future. Unsatisfactory as this was to Paul, he made the less opposition to it, since he saw clearly that nothing but entire repose of mind was likely to restore that healthful state of being without which life is but a burthen to its possessor. Out of themselves, too, and apart from their own individual cares, they had each sufficient food for thought; and plans for the happiness of Alice and of Philip soon engrossed them both, almost to the exclusion of every other object.

Winter had now set in, and was drawing on with swift pace. Rimey frosts sheathed the thorned spikes of the golden moorland gorses; and silver snows deepened on the hills. Vegetation became scant about the rock-bound pastures; and solitary sheep tracks mapping the upland ridges showed blank and bald along the far white slopes. Cattle sought the shelter of leaf-bare boughs; and the stone-chat and the water-ouzel hid themselves away in clefts of the unwhewn rock. The year was indeed in its wane, and Christmas, with all its gracious and hallowed associations, was at hand.

And the genius of Change, which showed itself everywhere, took new forms of wonderment in and around the dwelling of the Flower Magician. If before he had been accustomed a necromancer, on the bare evidence of men's superstitions, what now was likely to be the gossip's tale, when at length a show of real and tangible magic was presented to their eyes?

When first the winter came heralded by storms to the inhabitants of those wide-spread moors, numerous workmen—evidently brought thither from a distance—were seen busily employed about the domains of Paul Corolla; altering, enlarging, glazing and roofing, dismembering and transforming hothouse and garden, homestead and orchard. No expense appeared to be spared in forwarding the work, whatever that might be, which was there going on, filling all at once with the sounds of busy, work-day life the quiet precincts of the magician's home. And, as one prevailing idea is sometimes driven out by another, so Paul's former reputation as a wizard was suddenly forgotten; and, in place of the old tradition, he now came to be regarded as a miser, or an alchemist! Whence, if not from some such source, could all this sudden exhibition of wealth arise? Loaded wagons made their appearance day by day; and what added to the mystery of the whole was, that these were never unpacked until the early winter sunset screened their contents from view. Still, enough was visible to the eyes of the curious to fill the mind with wonder. As if touched by the wand of a genius, the wizard's domain became in a short time transformed into a scene unsurpassed in the realms of Fairy. And as the gracious Christmas-tide drew nearer and nearer, there arose a structure so rare, so delicate in its design, so beautiful in its choice adornments—little wonder was it if the simple inhabitants of those sequestered hills lifted up their hands in awestruck wonder and bewilderment.

At last dawned the eve of the great winter festival of the year. And did Paul, the lonely liver, the man without kindred and without friends, did he become all at once a man of the world, a mere hollow guest-receiver? Not so: the Christmas feast of Paul Corolla was characteristic of the man. He caused it to be given out far and wide that the Wizard of the Moors would throw wide his doors on that most blessed festival of all the year to the poorer inhabitants of his native wilds. The moorland children were to know what a Christmas feast-day meant for wide in their lives.

While flew the gates. And what a scene of enchantment opened from within upon the delighted sense! Stretching away through far vistas, trellised over with the creeping foliage or the violet bearing ivy, rose pillar after pillar, clasped by twisted branches of the hundred roses of olden. Gravelled clusters of evergreens, sallowing the long, moon-rod-like stone bright with glossy boughs of vitærum, rest as if newly uprooted from the classic ground of Mount Atlas. The scale of parasitica and the ruddy winter cherry vied with the rippled berries of the potentilla. There, too, was seen, in wild profusion, the far-famed Christmas rose—the faded laurel-curing shrub of Antiquity; while the olive and the palm, with many another plant of wondrous growth that adorns the burning earth, spread here their verdant boughs—ministers to the one great season's joy; all the pulse of the full human heart thrilled with a love of the beautiful, and soul and sense were satisfied.

Down every alley were ranged benches groaning under a weight of the good old Christmas fare. There the sire and the maiden, serene with olden in its falling and new childhood in its bloom, youth in its jolly and old age in its repose, all shared that Christmas was in the wizard's fairy hall. Nor was the poor black boy forgotten amidst the joy of the "pale faces."

There, too, strayed Alice with her Philip, several now no more. The green-eyed bride of the New Year, she moved through the lengthened aisles, a comely of orange-blossom, encircling her baring brow.

Not far apart sat Florence, with Paul by her side—her long-treasured, never-forgotten love—the Paul Meredith of her youth—our Paul Corolla! It was not without significance that Paul had placed her near to that same spreading, orange tree, luxuriant in its fruited ripeness, and lovely in its yet lingering bloom, from which her daughter's bridal crown was won. Restored health on her cheek, and renewed joy in her eye, Florence was perhaps the happiest of all that happy multitude. Full of dearest, tenderest associations was this Old Year's closing; and if, for her, a shadow of mystery hung upon the probable issues of the coming, for an answer to all such delicious questionings of the heart—adieu with all dreamy doubts of the soul—she has only to consult the Flower Magician.

## A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas morn, in olden times, though snow lay on the ground,  
And ice hung by the wall, the minstrels sang their round;  
And sang their carols, warning maids and mistresses to rise  
Betimes upon that holiday, and bake the Christmas pies.

Nor was the warning lost, I ween; for, though the day before  
The pies had been already baked, there wanted something more  
To grace the board upon that day—plum-puddings, custards too;  
Besides the huge siphon to roast, they had enough to do.

The dinner o'er, the grace-cup served, round went the wine and ale,  
And jovial grew the company—one told a merry tale,  
While others sang a roundelay, until the sprightly sound  
Of music waned both great and small to dance a merry round.

Sir Roger led my lady out; the young squire danced with Sue,  
The boy, by the wall, the maid, the parson he danced too;  
Now in, now out, they jigged about, each Jeannette with her Joe;  
And all the maids again were kiss'd beneath the mistletoe.

England was merry England then! and still we've "cakes and ale;"  
So at this season, as of old, let honest minstrel prevail,  
And let the wassail-bowl go round, and sing with heartsome glee,  
"Since Christmas comes but once a year, we'll merry be!"

STEPHEN OLIVER.

## CHRISTMAS-EVE.

1881.

"The very noblest heart on earth's had oft  
No better lot than to deserve."

It is the coldest hour that precedes the dawn; it is the coldest season of the year that ushers in the annual advent of the Morning Star of heaven and earth. Christmas-eve to the poor mendicant and his brother is cold to bitterness. The houseless have travelled far, crunching the winter-snows with their ill-defended feet.

Cold blows the winter's wind;  
But 'tis not more unkind  
Than man's ingratitude."

The hewers of wood and drawers of water render good service, for which they are ill repaid. Unremunerative labour passes a dreary time.

Work without hope draws water in a sieve.

But Christmas is proverbially bountiful; and the weary anticipate the benevolence of the season with inward satisfaction. Nor, on Christmas-day, and Boxing-day after, are the wretched likely to be disappointed. But, Christmas eve! It is a season of transition; and, like all such periods, is painful—peculiarly painful—has a pain, indeed, peculiarly its own. It is a time of preparation. The morrow's banquet occupies all thoughts, and lapses the present in the future. Charity is yet in her nonage—a few hours, and she arrives at her majority. Meanwhile the winter wind blows keenly cold, and those who need instant charity, unconsciously neglected, seem as they might perish of despair. Happily, to the poor wanderers, passing some patrician dwelling, gleams of the cheer within come through the ample windows, typing the warmth and comfort as well as the light of the interior, and mockingly contrasting the desolation and the darkness of the road without. With saddened glance, the boy eyes the radiance, and, picturing in the apocalyptic vision of his mind the abundance of a happy home, permits his lips to forget the bread of penury with which he had just appeased his hunger; or, if they remember it, the comparison makes still more coarse and hard the meagre fare that preserves but not nourishes the mere pauper existence, in which if the unprosperous may be said to breathe, they cannot be truly said to live. True life is not mere being, but well-being; and none truly lives but he whose welfare is secured, being provided abundantly with whatever is needed for the sustenance of the body, and a cheerful state of heart and mind. Ah! that poor mendicant lad lives not, if life be enjoyment; his very faculties of life are rudimentary, yet scarcely conscious of themselves—as much as they can do to exist at all; but, touching their vital activity and joyous exercise, the chill hand of convention oppresses and prevents their development in the unfolded germ. Those same gleams, that same radiance, for a moment are reflected in the countenance of the unhappy. In the boy's, something like a smile is generated; but the sister's becomes still more sad. A dolorous orphanage, indeed, is hers.

And the statistic has proved that in every given population there must be a certain proportionate number of the destitute—that is, under existing social arrangements. Philanthropy has conceived the idea that by improved arrangements, and particularly by education, the number may be greatly diminished. And this idea men have associated to carry out and realise in new forms of social life, and better institutions than those that satisfied our less enlightened fathers. Efforts of this kind are, indeed, the character-marks of the age in which we live. But these efforts regard the future; the present has to bear not only the penalty of past misconduct, but the throes of coming improvement. These, as well as that, are painful—full of the pain of transition. The present has been the year of promises, the year, also, of fearful omens; however, to the enthusiastic, it has been the Christmas-eve of the world—the vigil of a hoped-for happier time.

In acknowledgment of the dignity of labour, a Crystal Palace has been edified, its foundations laid in princely appreciation, and its columns reared by public munificence. A Palace? nay, a Temple; for in it the voice of prayer and praise was heard, from prelatic lips; and the workmanship of human hands was devoutly commended to the guardianship of a superintending Providence. Nor in vain; for the design prospered exceedingly, and the consecrated industry of the world commanded the admiration of assembled myriads. To that Temple of Glass came the powerful and the feeble, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the mighty and the sage, the ignorant and the scholar, the fair and the brave; all came thither to pass their judgment on man's works—to see more than they, more than the wisest, could understand, and then to pass, themselves, away into the obscurity of private individuation, awaiting that final doom when each, according to his works done in the flesh, shall be equitably judged in the spirit "by that Man whom He hath appointed the heir of all things."

That Palace—that Temple, commemorative of Spirit's victory over Matter, reminds us of the tower built, according to the poet, in "the Angel World;"—

Here let us build, said he, a Tower of Light;  
That all upon the further side may know  
We have in safety crossed the flood. Himself  
Paved the foundation-stone, and, one by one,  
Masses of dazzling adamant, which barred  
The shining shore, like flowers that fringe the banks  
Of woodland brook, they piled up altar-wise  
At his command. On every stone engraved,  
In gleamy darkness, was the name of God;  
For every star a stone; and every name  
A separate title symbolising love.  
A shaft of lightning on the head he placed,  
Which with the skies innate communing held,  
And burned in correspondence. Thus was all  
With the pure blessing of perfection crowned.

There is a law of development, and that of human progress acts in obedience to its nature. It is not by preaching the fully of war, and the wantonness of capital punishments, that either can be abolished; but that the Spirit of Humanity gradually unfolds itself to conditions more blessed and still more blessed, until what was once Christian theory becomes Christian practice. Preaching is but prophesying;—respects the future not to-day;—the voice of a Christmas-eve, that promises good cheer on the morrow, but neglects, on the vigil, the footsore mendicant; leaving, still, though for a brief while, the soldier to his sanguinary trade, and the man to his hateful office—both "honourable murderers, if ye will."

The despot world is passing; the tyranny of the Continent must ultimately melt away before the warm; and radiance emitted from that House of Light—that temporary Home of all that was glorious in thought, invention, and in art. But desolate are now those once-filled halls! No longer the Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light, shines like a revelation, half bright, half dark, a crystalline world, but is restored to its place in the palace of marble, whence it was brought to grace the palace of crystal with its kindred lustre. No longer the form of Beauty, Grecian in mould, yet manacled, pleads against the country



that produced her, though she declines to return to transatlantic shores, the shame of freemen who respect not freedom. No longer in nave or transept, aisle or gallery, shall bust of poet, sage, or hero, or statue of god or demi-god, Amazon or maiden, man or animal, or group of sculptured figures in harmonious combination, compel the spectator of taste, despite the Horatian precept, to admire. The kingdoms of the world, each represented in its compartment, have remanded their several quotients from this grand array, not of arms but of arts. Here we had the nations of the East and the West, of the North and the South, all compressed into separate spaces, and forming portions of the World's Palace—the world's epitome. No more the multitudes of all peoples may be seen from that far gallery defiling, a sea of heads, along that wondrous nave—a countless number of admiring, marvelling men, women, children—all conscious of a miracle in the magnificent edifice and its gorgeous contents. Believe they in its permanence? or is its speedy doom even now impending? Have they melancholy forebodings? Is, then, the earth so poor she may not sustain for long so costly a burthen? Is she still mendicant, and this her palace-temple, once divested of its treasures, but her idle offspring, to be discarded like a beggar's brat? Look we then again on the picture—Christmas-eve!

Contemplating afresh that melancholy sister, who can help thinking that she, were she depicted as somewhat older and matronly, with her basket of sticks gathered from the hedges in the suburbs, might stand a fitting symbol of our great mother, the Earth—this sad world which we have hitherto done so little to enrich, so much to impoverish? That Crystal Palace, whose removal has been threatened, serves to show of what she is really capable—what man may make of her *matrimonium*—how much, indeed, has been made, and to suggest how much more might be. Some of her ungrateful children, however, start back, as if alarmed at the aspect of industry, and what should be venerated for its beauty repudiate for its terror. Privilege would plead for its own indolence, and not recognise too suddenly the claims of the Worker. It talks of reaction, and already prepares resistance to progress, as if “the good time coming” could come too soon. Why should it not come to us? Why should it be deferred to our posterity? With what glorious garniture might we, even we, here and now, invest this seeming pauper-earth, if free way were given to Diligence and Genius! How might she be presently robed and crowned! What gems, what flowers, to make an Empress of her, who long has appeared a widow, while evermore of her best son.

—The soul  
Seem'd shed upon the universe, and grief,  
Deposited of its separate sadness, clung  
To the stupendous labour of all things,  
And wept with the great mourner.

Why should the Reactionist dread the expiatory sorrow of a Kossuth? and deny to “the august maternity” of Rome the long-expected day of her deliverance from superstition and misgovernment? Why will they not aid to unbind

Andromeda? She was not born  
To stand and shiver in the northern blast,  
Or foster on a foreign rock, or bear  
Rude licence of the unrespective waves.

Recovered from the marvel reverie in which the reminiscences of the Crystal Palace cause the soul to slumber, who confesses not, in the expression of the highest hopes for the world's future, measured by her capacity, that each becomes a Dreamer? Ay, but that which is one

man's dream is other men's work. In those, the labours of many hands that so lately filled those Crystal halls, were the dreams of many heads embodied—and now that they have vanished, in fancy, are they transfigured back into dreams. Such are the mutations and the relations of thoughts and things. “Thoughts speculative” and “certain issues!”

Future utilities belong to that magnificent edifice, and more particularly to the idea in which it originated, if suffered to remain or to prevail, and to be fully occupied or realised; if not, that pauper mother's beggar son not more idle, not more useless, than either. It lies in destiny, whether further account shall be made of them or not. So likewise of him. Such a proportion of the populations of the great cities of the earth must be as he, without employment, without subsistent means. What individuals shall compose that proportion, depends more on fortune than on virtue—on accidents of birth, position—accidents of all kinds—and sometimes, but rarely, on volition. While full of the world's gifts, that Crystal Palace resembled Intelligent Labour actively employed; now emptied, it resembles the would-be labourer refused the privilege of work. For, to the mendicant and the criminal, it is a privilege refused. Enough of food and clothing has been raised without their aid, and might be theirs to appropriate, had they but the means to purchase: these they have not, and therefore must obtain those without purchasing, which, by other means, legal or illegal, to a certain extent, they do; and then what is left over, and much does, perishes for want of wares and eaters. But, whatever statist asserts, the mind refuses to acknowledge a moral necessity in this condition of things; and still, hopes, that by the better distribution of means and produced wealth, every appetite may be satisfied, and every back that now goes bare may be covered. The destiny that coerces is but the will of the powerful minority in states and churches; and, if those that govern were to will it otherwise, the requisite distribution might be readily accomplished. It lies equally in such will to decree that the Crystal Palace shall still continue the Temple of Industry; and that the children of the mendicant shall no longer beg, but work—no longer breathe only, but live.

That “the poor shall never cease from the land,” is not Heaven's decree, but man's. And some of the elect among men have seen that the case is so; but their efforts avail not yet. As yet, it is but the happy world's vigil—the Christmas-eve of time.

Every idea, however, is prophetic of its own realization. Even so is this. To-morrow what is now but conceived shall be begotten. The advent of thought and of deed—the nativity of the heir of time—the festival of the great birth—these belong to to-morrow. To-night the chill wind pierces to the bone the unprotected and the orphan—though partly cheered, it must be confessed, by the signs of coming festivity. To-morrow they may partake the joy of the day. Some “stray pleasures” may find their way to them. But to-night the bitterness of the cold without is enhanced by the sense within of right denied; the melancholy fact of labour having become a personal privilege, granted to many, but refused to him who would but cannot, being forbidden or prevented.

That destitute lad, so helpless in his destitution, would work, could he but find it, and were he capable of it; both, hitherto, have proved impossible to him, and may to his dying hour. Many have so lived, so died; but, as we think, things shall not take this turn much longer. And here it is that this world's Christmas-eve—this entire year that we have passed—has been to some a year of fearful omen, as well as to others a year of hopeful promise. The former would preserve continental tyrannies and French Presidencies, to avert, or delay for a while, the inevitable change. Louis Napoleon would make common cause with them; but, to secure the result, must, nevertheless, call on Universal

sufrage, and conciliate Red Democracy. Strange union of means and ends—not insignificant, as we take it; and its significance may be read by these who are not over wise—by a Sibthorp, as by a Palmerston.

Meanwhile, these vain terrors of the tottering mighty serve to prolong the period of transition, and to intensify its peculiar pain. War has not yet been declared wholesale murder; nor capital punishment manslaughter in detail. Carnage and Victory mounted on battle couriers, and decorated with honours, still triumph, and crown Death with glory on the field of groans. Nay, in the streets of cities, they have had hecatombs of victims, defiled palaces, and pillaged temples. The Eagle yet is defied in Gaul. The Lion in Albia is yet blatant for bloodshed; and the nations of the world await the hour of his slumber, that they may arise and slay. Alike despotism and freedom yet appeal to the sword. Fraud and violence, still hand in hand, range over the globe to despoil and subdue. The desert crieth out with a voice and the finger of the Arab pointeth

To the caverns of the dead—  
To the grottoes of Dahara.

And yet the terror of the massacre fills the soul of the Kabyle, and the tribe of Ouled Riab exorcises the name of Fellisier. Just a voice from the Punjab also arises, and the waters of the Sutlej are red. Frank and Sikh, with the war steel, lie confused on its banks, and marmars are heard in Lahore: “Thus Britain rules in the East; and of her Christian people the sceptre is the sword.” Ah, surely the God of battles, Mars or Odin, should no longer be worshipped by those who would teach the Mahomedan how to live! Even on this Christmas-eve his ascendancy is disputed; to-morrow hope we that it may be subverted. Not in vain lived William Ladd; not in vain exists the league of universal brotherhood; and the olive of peace shall ere long supplant the laurel that yet enwraths the victor's brow. Other and better conquests shall succeed, which acknowledge the dove for an emblem, not the eagle. And then shall we turn from the globe to the cross; and, like him who there suffered, “desire not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.”

The law of development shall succeed, even though ancient prejudice should decree the removal or destruction of the Crystal Palace, or suffer it to remain idle and empty; even though it should deny to the ragged wretch and the untaught girl the right of labour and the privilege of education, which makes employment facile.

Awake, spirit of Wordsworth, and in that poor boy's immortal soul recognise a Crystal Palace of diviner possibilities.

What laurel's! Impotent shall show his head  
Beside that uncrowned giant!

Thank the merciful and ever-provident Heavens, already the poor and the ignorant are taken out of the hands of old and famous privilege; already to-day is the vigil of a happier tomorrow.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last yillab of recorded time,  
And all our yestera-days have lighted foot,  
The way to dusty death.

Let it be so no longer. Let us no longer be fools, so enlightened. Let our yesterdays not have been in vain. Let us gather harvest from the Past, and declare at length Harvest Home. It is time—it is full time. Even on Christmas-eve we may be charitable, and might be, if we made not too much account of the morrow. Even on this vigil we have duties; and, in the midst of our preparations for a happier future, we should respect the present. Let us work while it is to-day; secure now our own happiness, and look abroad as well as home. Let us on Christmas-eve be studiously charitable, and thus entitle ourselves to be merry on Christmas-day, and happy for the whole of the New Year ensuing.

• We have been much helped in these reflections by a little book of “Pensive Lyrics,” by H. G. Adams, London both for poetry and sentiment.

## ADONIS AND ADONA.

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE AUTHOR OF “THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.”

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS.

### PART I.

CONSCIOUS waves, astute,  
Rejoiced, tumultuous surging;  
—By the seashore, masterly  
Sate the lonely Virgin;  
While thy murmurs, Ocean,  
Sported with the breezes,  
Music of their motion  
Making—such as seizes  
Spirits when they feel inspired—

Thus sitting, unadmired,  
To watch the foam Adona seem'd,  
While it muffled, roll'd, and cream'd.  
Its spray once shed, 'tis shed for ever,  
Flowing away, returning never;  
And where it broke, and tumbled o'er,  
Another still, for evermore,  
Grows to a ridge, and froths and frets,  
And melts to vapour; all regrets  
Forestalling for the passing, by  
The coming—borne with ecstasy,  
In endless series, like a chase—  
Each eager for the former's place.

In maiden meditation, she  
(Adona) sat; and, fancy-free,  
Felt like a weed upon the shore,  
Flung from that sea, unclad, forlorn.

What mortal, girt with regal vest,  
Crown'd with the myrtle for a crest,  
With sprightly step, now treads the sea,  
As pleased with sun, and sky, and sea?  
Who knows him not? Adonis—he  
Who is—just what he seems to be—  
The glorious Monarch of the Isles  
(O happy band! O joyous troop!)  
That back within the summer smile,  
And make with this a sister group.

What stays his step? In mute amaze,  
That in idleness arrests his gaze,  
—But, as he look'd, a darkness lour'd,  
And shadows deep'd on her brow;  
With terror or with shame o'erpower'd,  
She turn'd to flee—but where and how?  
She turn'd to flee, but, worn and weak,  
Sank on the beach, and could not speak.  
Then, in thy heart, Adonis! sprang  
Pity, and, like a fountain, sang—  
A soft and clear and silvery song,  
Running its pebbly bed along,  
Which, save in stillness and in shade,  
No sound unto the ear had made.  
That royal soul the whisper heard,  
And, soon to love he pity stirr'd,  
The Monarch scanned the maiden's face,  
With marvel at the expressive grace  
That life to every lineament  
Significance and lustre lent.

Then words he spake, to soothe and cheer,  
And heard her soon of shame and fear;  
And lo! her simple tale, in part—  
The rest he guess'd at, by the heart.

“On some far isle, hid in the deep,  
Couch'd on a bank of flowers asleep,  
A pirate crew, with purpose dark,  
Had seen, and then on board their bark  
Conveyed her, meaning to enslave;  
Pursued, they toss'd her to the wave;  
And hither, floating with the tide,  
More like a corpse than living creature,  
The billows bore her, in their pride,  
Uninjured or in form or feature.”

Her voice, her air, the Monarch moved.  
He look'd, he listen'd, and he loved.

### PART II.

On golden robes, in marble hall,  
Adona sits Adonis by:—  
It is a day of festival,  
Of masquing and of revelry.  
Adonis call the day,  
Whereon who would might idly play,  
And sport his jest, and boast his say,  
Follow his fancy, and have his way;  
There was none to chide with nay—  
The world was a fair, and all were gay  
Ever at this Adonis.

In royal robes the bride was seen  
Adona—all-echoed Queen  
Beside her, and not far above,  
An image of immortal Love,  
Adonis, with his eyes of fire,  
Lit up in hers his own desire;  
And, while her cheeks with blushes glow'd,  
Her beauty awed the ignoble crowd.  
There were his altars, there his shrine;  
And all he worship'd was divine.  
—The likeness of himself he saw,  
And in the mirror look'd with awe.

And, thus care'd, and worshipp'd so,  
The woman to a goddess grew,  
And greater felt than she might know—  
The lovely and the deathless too!

Her eye of pride Adonis read,  
And fill'd with more of love than dread,  
Exulting said:

“Now, by the Sun!  
Whatever thou wilt,  
That shall be done,  
Or grace or guilt—  
Speak! have thy will, my goddess-bride!”

“I see the wine-cup by thy side,  
The liquor mantles to the brim,  
The beads upon its surface swim,  
Each globe is a world of pleasure,  
They run a race, they dance a measure,  
And, like the planets in the sky,  
Have their own stellar harmony.  
Merrily, merrily the dimples laugh;  
And fain—how fain—would I the goblet  
quaff!”

A gloom upon Adonis fell—  
“This goblet wouldst thou taste? 'Tis well!  
The shoulder fit them to the yoke—  
An oath once vow'd who can revoke?  
Thou thought'st for money I would sell  
The magic chalice, the wizard spell,  
That might be there, lest thou shouldst lose  
One joy, and deem that I refuse.  
My love to me is more than life—  
My mistress, bride, my queen, my wife!”

Then in his arms Adonis took  
Adona, and upon her lips  
Impress'd a kiss, and shed a look  
Into her eyes, they scarce might brook,  
Bright as the sun's ere his eclipse.

This done, for Love had made him brave,  
The wine-cup to her hand he gave,  
And smil'd well-pleas'd—so best might be  
Her bosom of all doubt set free.

Within her small white hand  
Adona took the cup,  
And held it to her lip so bland,  
Then drank the red wine up—  
O the rapture! Adona's bliss!  
She the joy would fain dissemble;  
When, from her unsteady grasp,  
Escaped the bowl, and sudden fell—  
Oh, late 'twas while, within her clasp!  
Now broken, lo! the fragments tell—  
What? that Adonis loved too well!  
He knew, not she, the oracle.

### PART III.

“When the bowl shall be broken,  
Ere the rite can be spoken  
On the Deathless the deadly shall be ywroken!”  
—These were the words the Flamen aloud  
Exclaimed, advancing before the crowd  
Into the presence.

The sound appall'd.  
Adona's senses were all entrall'd,  
And pale she stood in the midst of throngs.  
Cenae on the sudden their sports and their  
songs,  
While the stern Priest said, in the silence  
dread—

“One moment, and religious went,  
With ceremonial order fitting,  
Had taken from the holy font,  
The while your hands in bonds were  
knitting.

The sacred chalice, and to thee  
Presented it with sanction free,  
But thy impatience has outrun  
The pious rite, and evil done,  
That had been good, had the form been so—  
Wherefore the bridal we forego.  
Wake from thy trance, too much adored  
Adona! Look upon thy Lord!”

Obedient now too late, thus child,  
As she was bid, Adona fell;  
And look'd upon Adonis, whom  
Some horror seem'd to wrap in gloom.

It pass'd, but left within his eye  
A wildness, as of phrenesy,  
And with his trembling lips there came  
Breathing thoughts and words of flame,  
Like the levin from a cloud.

“To the chase! to the chase!” he cried aloud;  
“The deep-mouth'd bay of the hounds I hear!  
The sound in my soul is a sound of fear!  
For they are the hounds of hell, I wot,  
And their prey they never miss;  
That which I muse they passing—  
They goad the bear to my undoing—  
Hold back! hold back! Oh, fatal zeal!  
His tracks within my side I feel!  
No rescue! none! By Heaven's decree,  
Adona! thus I die for thee!”

While thus he raved, his visage, aet,  
In agonistic gestures fit,  
Symbol'd to every sense the fact,  
His words described, performing it.  
And when he ceased to speak, he fell,  
As smitten by a sudden spell.

Adona look'd upon her Lord;  
Adona, the too much adored,  
Gaze'd, as her eyes, that would not weep,  
Might from their stiffen'd spheres outleap.  
But, in the madness of that hour,  
The Flamen's words had healing power:—

“On thy dead Lord thou lookest here,  
Whom love for thee has slain;  
Whose absence thou must learn to bear  
Till his life come back again.  
His love than death is stronger far;  
Yet doom'd with doom to be at war,  
He still shall conquer, but to be  
Again subdued, for ever and aye;  
Six moons on earth he'll need to thee,  
Six moons spent with Proserpina.”

Adona heard; then stoop'd, embrac'd  
In her two loving arms her Lord,  
And wept the tears her beauty grac'd,  
Too much beloved, too much adored.  
Wherefore it is that, evermore,  
When WINTRY, like the furious bore,  
Slays the bright SIX, and NATURAL  
Wears a white shroud, a snowy pall,  
The Syrian damsels mourn thy death,  
Adonis! but with hope and faith,  
Expectant of thy resurrection;  
When Earth, because of thy affection,  
Anew shall blossom and shall bear,  
Dying and living every year.

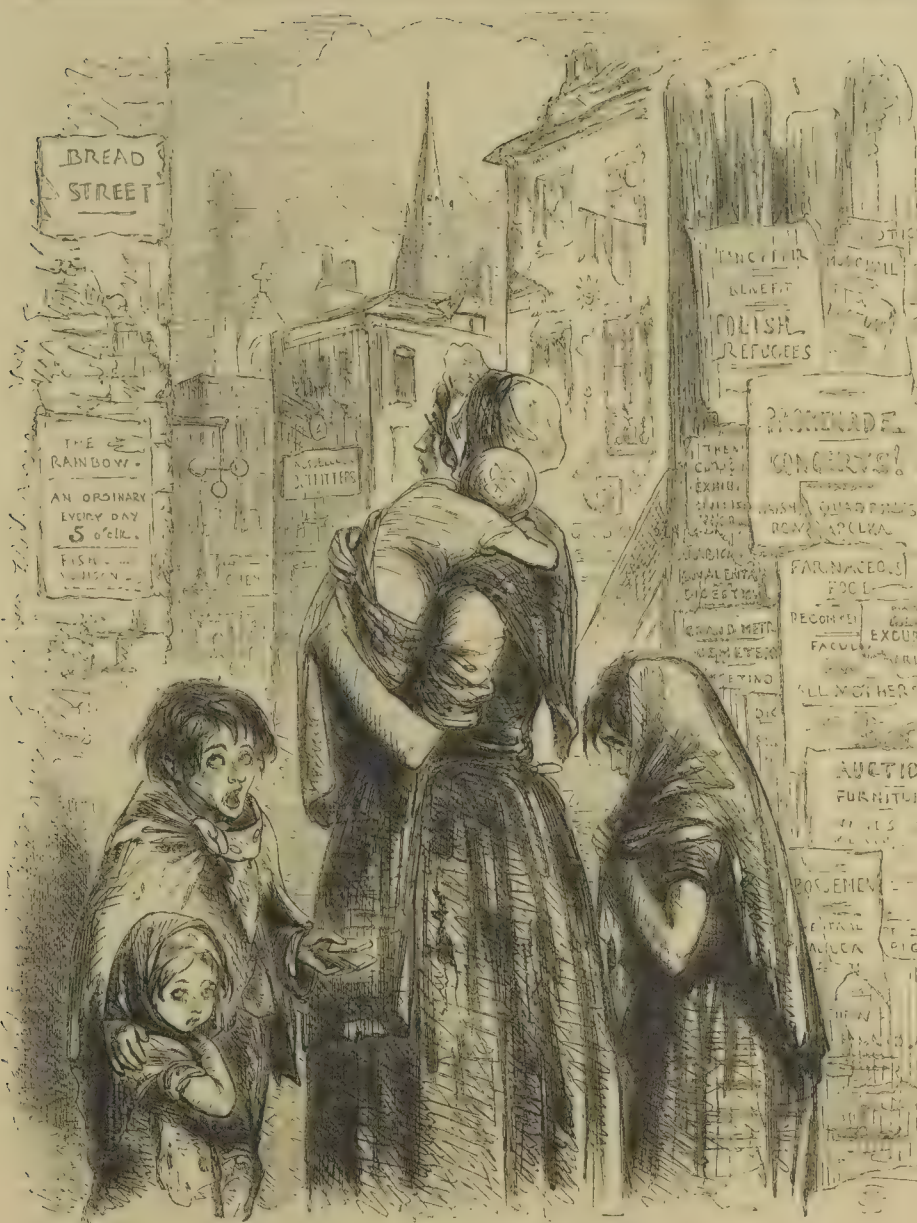
† The fable of Adonis, the young favourite of Venus, has been thus explained:—Adonis, or Adonai, was an Oriental title of the Sun, signifying Lord; the bore supposed to have killed him was the emblem of Winter, during which, the reproductive powers of Nature being suspended, Venus was said to lament the loss of Adonis. The winter was then said to be a time when both the Syrian and Arctic women annually mourned his death, and celebrated his restoration. The manner of treating the subject in the text is perfectly original; a novel invention hanting the old argument.





ADONIS AND ADONA.—DRAWN BY G. THOMAS.





THE STREET CAROL.—DRAWN BY PHIZ.

### THE STREET CAROL.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ.

Now, too, is heard  
The hapless cripple tuning through the streets  
Her carol.

The humble harbinger of Christmas is again at our door. The busy year has rolled away; its industrial wealth has been gathered, and again dispersed; and, possibly, the return of the sublime season may be unusually welcome, with its observances, sacred and secular, its troop of mirthful games and little painted pomps. Yet the grand spectacle had its sweet uses attested: the Great Exhibition was opened and closed with prayer and thanksgiving; and the Crystal Palace enshrined amidst its treasures—a CHRISTMAS TREE!

The celebrations of Christmas are still rife among us. Its stream of joy is not narrowed, but more equally diffused through society; and, although much of the custom of profuse hospitality has passed away, Christmas is yet universally recognised as a season when every Christian should show his gratitude to the Almighty for the inestimable benefits procured to us by the Nativity, by an ample display of good-will toward our fellow-men:—

What comfort by him does we winne,  
Who made himself the price of sinne  
To make us heirs of glory?  
To see this babe all innocence,  
A martyr borne in our defence—  
Can man forget this storie?—BEN JONSON.

It is, however, an error of the day to deplore a falling-off in Christmas commemorations; whereas the enjoyment has but assumed a healthier tone. The Past is ever more picturesque than our own age; and

"Its distance lends enchantment to the view.

We delight to sit among Elizabethan tables and seventeenth-century chairs, which carry the mind's eye back to a period far more poetical than the present. We stroll into the Great Hall at Westminster, wherein our Plantagenet Kings feasted at Christmas and Epiphany:—

This is the place  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear.

But, step into Whitehall, and there you will see the Lord High Almoner distributing the Royal alms, as he was wont to do centuries since; at Windsor the Sovereign is herself superintending the distribution of her reasonable bounty; the Lord Steward fills the hungry prisoner with good things; the good cheer shines upon Ragged Schools and other havens of charity; and civilisation carries its luxuries into almost every family throughout the length and breadth of the land. The moderation observable in our times is more conformable to the precept in that homely work, the "Whole Duty of Man," exhorting us not to make the day "an occasion of intemperance and disorder, as too many who consider nothing in Christmas and other good times but the good cheer and jollity of them."

It is a sign of this more gracious and hallowed tone that the singing of Carols at the coming of Christmas has increased of late years; and the revival has the effect of bringing before us many an individual instance of wretchedness and privation, which must enlist the wide-spread sympathies of the season. The Carol-singer whom the Artist has portrayed is a type of this phase of our metropolitan population.

The Christmas Carol, though not precisely in its present form, is of very remote origin. Jeremy Taylor figuratively remarks, that the first Christmas Carol was the hymn of the angels to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem:—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace,

and good-will to men." Milton, also, thus mentions the same anthem:—

His place of birth a solemn angel tells,  
To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;  
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.

The Christmas Carol was not, however, confined to the Church offices in the mediæval times. "It has been the custom," says a modern writer, "for the common people of England, for many centuries, to go about in bands at an early hour on Christmas morn, serenading their neighbours with what are called 'carols.' These ditties even gladdened the festivals of Royalty; for, when Henry VII., in the third year of his reign, kept his Christmas at Greenwich, in the middle of the hall sat the dean and those of the King's chapel, who, immediately after his first course, 'sang a carol.' A manuscript in the British Museum, however, carries the practice to the Anglo-Norman times, in the Carol commencing with—

Now lordlings listen to our ditty,  
Strangers coming from afar;  
Let poor minstrels move your pity,  
Gives us welcome, soothe our care.  
In this mansion as they tell us,  
Christmas wassel keeps to-day;  
And, as king of all good fellows,  
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

The earliest collection of Christmas Carols supposed to have been published is only known from the last leaf of a volume printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521. It contains the celebrated "Carol bryngyng in the Bore's Head," which, with innovations, is sung to this day at Queen's College, Oxford. (See the Engraving of the ceremony in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, No. 243.)

The majority of these early Carols were, however, religious; and many of them appear to have been even of earlier date than the Reformation. But some of them have been handed down to us in an interpolated state, as in the quaint old ditty beginning—

Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,  
And he married Mary, Queen of Galilee;

which was sung by companies of little children, and which brings fairly before us the paintings of the old masters, where Joseph is always represented as so old a man, and Mary sits in the oxen's stall, with the crown on her head:—

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing,  
"This night shall be born our Heavenly King;  
He neither shall be born in heusen ner in hall,  
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall."

Very melodious, too, is the rhythm of the Carol beginning with "I saw three ships come sailing on," and containing this verse:—

And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

The two following verses are varied with—

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
And all the souls on earth shall sing.

The Anglo-Norman *feste-chanson* we have already quoted is more an incitement to Christmas revelry than a picture of its holy joy. Another of these secular Carols has been discovered in a MS. of the time of Henry VI., though the song itself is probably of a century earlier. It relates to dressing the halls and chambers with evergreens at Christmas, from which ivy was discarded, as it was used at funerals: here are a few lines in modern orthography:—

Nay, ivy I nay, it shall not be, I wis;  
Let holly have the mastery, as the manner is;  
Let holly stand within the hall, fair to behold;  
Yet ivy stand without the door—she is full sore and cold.

Nay, ivy, &c

Holl and his merry men deftly dance and alog,  
Ivy and her maidens are always sorrowing.

Nay, ivy, &c.

The Reformation did not impair the popularity of the Christmas Carol in England. "Suppose," says one writing in 1631, "Christmas now approaching, the evergreen ivy trimming and adorning the portals and parlours of so frequented a building; the usual Carols to observe antiquity cheerfully sounding, and that which is the complement of his inferior comforts, his neighbours, whom he tenders as members of his own family, join with him in this consort of mirth and melody." At the end of a miscellany of epigrams, &c., printed about the same period, is a "Christmas Carroll," reciting the pastimes of the season:—

Marke how the waggies abroad doe call  
Each other forth to rambling;  
Anon, you'll see them in the hall  
For nuts and apples scrambling.  
The wenches, with their wassail-bowles  
About the streets are singing;  
The boys are come to catch the owles,  
The wild mare in is bringing.

Other Carols, of a devotional character, were also in use. Warton mentions a licence granted to one Tyndale in 1562 for printing "certaine goodly Carols to be sung to the glory of God;" again, "Christmas Carols authorised by my Lord of London;" and in the Churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill, in the city of London, A.D. 1537, is the following entry:—"To Sr. Mark for Carols for Christmas, and for 5 square books, iij*s*. iij*d*."

Bishop Andrews, in a sermon on the Nativity, preached December 25, 1619, celebrates the day as "glorious in all places; as well at home with Carols, as in the church with anthems." For the last two centuries the practice of singing Christmas Carols has been preserved in England, more or less, over different parts of the country. In Heath's "Account





of the Scilly Islands," he says, that it is usual there to sing Carols on Christmas-day at church. Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," writing about 1768, and "laying the scene of his narrative at a small cure in the north of England," relates, that, among other customs which they retained, the inhabitants "kept up the Christmas Carol." Brand, in 1795, states that little troops of boys and girls, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and other places in the north of England, "go from house to house, knocking at the doors, singing their Christmas Carols, and wishing a happy New Year." A writer, in 1811, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, notes:—"About six o'clock on Christmas-day I was awakened by a sweet singing under my window. Surprised at this very early and unexpected, I arose, and, looking out of the window, I beheld six young women and four men welcoming with sweet music the blessed morn." "Carols," wrote our old friend William Hope, in 1825, "begin to be spoken of as not belonging to this century, and few, perhaps, are aware of the number of those now printed." He adds that possibly "upwards of 50 are at this time published annually."

A learned President of the Royal Society (Mr. Davies Gilbert) has published "Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes: he writes, lately, in the west of England, on Christmas-eve, about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, "cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cider or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of Carols was continued late in the night. On Christmas-day these Carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish-clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the parishioners."

In 1838 William Howitt wrote:—"The Christmas Carols which were sung about from door to door, for a week at least, not twenty years ago, are rarely heard now in the midland counties. More norward, from the hills of Derbyshire, and the bordering ones of Staffordshire, up through Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham, you may frequently meet with them. The custom of Christmas Caroling prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland it is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved, perhaps to a greater extent than in England. After the turn of midnight on Christmas-eve, divine service is celebrated, followed by the singing of Carols to the harp, and they are similarly sung in the houses during the continuance of the Christmas holidays."

In the "Penny Cyclopædia" (once Carol), date 1836, the writer states:—"It is still sung during the festive season in many parts of the country, though now seldom heard in the metropolis." Since the above was written, Carol-singing has been cherished by the publication of collections of Carols, original and selected; one of which has been issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. Dr. Gauntlett has also arranged, composed, and edited "Christmas Carols, or, Jays and Legends of the Nativity," including "Where is the Golden Child?" "O Wonder of all Wonders," by the Rev. W. J. Blew; a quartet or semi-chorus; "The Legend of Joseph and the Angel," concluding thus:—

Then ye glad, good people,  
This night of all the year,  
And light ye up your candles,  
His Star it shineth near  
And all in earth and heaven  
Our Christmas Carol sing,  
Goodwill, and peace, and glory,  
And all the bells shall ring.

The collection closes with a very old favourite:—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas-day;  
To save poor souls from Satan's fold  
Which long had gone astray.

Chorus.—O tidings of great comfort!  
O tidings of great joy!

Delightful it is to hear the church bells ringing merrily on Christmas-eve, or the Carol echoing through the comparatively vacant street. Such delights have been thus touchingly sung by a living poet:—

Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long  
May hear the song  
About me in the world's throng;  
That treasure joys of Christmas-tide  
May with mine heart in glory abide;  
The Christmas Carol ring  
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;  
Each of the twelve good days  
To earnest yield and gladness give and praise,  
Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.—KEBLE.

With a graceful chanson of our own day we conclude:—

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

And, oh! remember, gentles gay,  
For you who bask in fortune's ray  
The year is all a holiday,  
The poor have only Christmas.

When you, with velvet mantle'd o'er,  
Defy December's tempest's roar,  
Oh, spare one garment from your store,  
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

From blazing loads of fuel, while  
Your home with in-door summer  
Smiles,

Oh, spare one garment from the pile,  
To warm the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal  
To guests who never have a meal,  
Oh, spare one morsel from your meal,  
To feed the poor at Christmas.

When generous wine your care controls,  
And gives new joy to happier souls,  
Oh, spare one goblet from your bowls,  
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear  
More sweet to Heaven than praise or prayer,  
And angels in their carols there  
Shall bless the rich at Christmas.  
—HOW. R. SPENCER.

We append as a tailpiece to our Carol rattle a scene of out-door life, such as may often be witnessed immediately before Christmas-day. The weather is thick enough for a "London particular" fog; the folks on the trottoir give abundant evidence of a "raw, cold day," from the urlich with his hands deep in his pockets to the passenger of the better class in his Chesterfield. To the right of the picture is a pretty piece of street pastime: the hobbler-dehoy is enjoying the slide, watched by the two boys, who are anxiously awaiting his departure that they may have their turn. In the foreground is a butcher on his fast-moving cob, carrying out the Christmas joints, suggestive of a warm contrast to the picture, and reminding us of Bloomfield's homely verse:—

The butcher whistled at the door,  
And brought a load of meat;  
Bona rubb'd their hands, and cried "Ther's a more,"  
Dogs wag'd their tails to see't.

"TANOWING THE HOOD."—On Old Christmas-day the village of Haxey is celebrated by the anniversary of what is termed "throwing the hood," one of the most ancient customs in England. It is said to have had its origin from one Madame de Mabeux, who, a few years after the Conquest, was riding through Great London, a part of this village; the wind blew her riding-hood over her head; and so great was the amusement to Madame Mabeux, that she resolved a piece of land to the twelve men who were running against her, and gave them the curious name of Borgeines. The hood, with the exception of about a quarter of an acre, has for centuries been lost to the Borgeines. The throwing of the hood now consists of the inhabitants of West Woodside and Haxey trying who can get the hood to the nearest public-house in each place. The hood is made of straw, covered with leather, and is about two feet long, and nine inches round. The twelve Borgeines are stationed so as to catch hold of the hood, and they are pitched against the multitude. As soon as a Borgeine touches the hood, he catches it; for it is always thrown from one to another as it is caught—the game ceases. Last year there were not less than 2000 people present from all parts of the neighbourhood, in spite of a dense fog, to witness this custom.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

\* The music sold by C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street.

## THE POPPY AND THE FIR.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

(From the German of Gustav von Puttkamer.)

### THE POPPY.

We are altogether wrong if we imagine that the flowers can do nothing but bud, and bloom, and smell, and fade, for, although this opinion is very generally entertained, it has merely been forced upon us by our own conceits, which would fain make us believe that everything in nature exists only for our sakes, and that, because we can only perceive the outer life of flowers, they have, forsooth, no inner life at all. However, as I have already said, that is not the case. Not only has every flower a character of its own, so that one is modest, another vain and proud, a third cheerful and brilliant, a fourth dull and sullen, according to their different hues and habits, but every one has also its own wishes, aspirations, joys, loves, and sorrows, while all of them have in common a most exalted patriotism—not a mere attachment to the soil, but such a devotion to the spot on which they have grown, that they cannot exist anywhere else—a sentiment which in modern times has often been wanting among mankind. The flowers have, too, an organ of communication, and to him who understood their language they could tell many a pretty tale, and he could pass many a night (for that is the proper time, as we shall presently see) in listening upon the enamelled field, and all the motley images which passed before him would, probably, appear to him like a beautiful poetical dream.

Now, the narrator of this tale was lying, one balmy moonlight night, on the flowery carpet of the wood, and listening—or, as some will rather believe, dreaming—when all at once he heard a thousand little voices rising from the flowers. Probably some kind fairy, to whom he had unconsciously done some good office, had lent him his hearing for the night. The reed whispered a long dismal lyric poem into the ear of his neighbour, who listened with great attention. The common cornflower, who is a sort of scandalous chronicler among the flowers, chattered away; while at a short distance the red mossflowers were titillating together, and had evidently told something droll. The bellflower was silent, but she constantly gave assent to what her neighbours said by nodding her head backwards and forwards. With the quaking-grass it was just the reverse, for that kept shaking its head, and could not believe anything it heard. Whether they had perceived the listener, and, according to the old proverb, wished to punish him for his intrusion, or whether the topic was a favourite one with flowers—for some reason or other—their discourse on this occasion chiefly turned on the injustice and unkindness of which man had been guilty towards them.

"Alas!" said a knot of thyme-blossoms, in a mournful tone, "look where the clumsy foot of man has again crushed our dear brothers and sisters."

"Ay, they do not care for us," said a catchfly, who liked to be looked at, and therefore raised herself straight on her slender stem, "however we may caress them and adhere to them. If they would only destroy us for being mischievous, like the hemlock, it would not be so bad; but nothing is harder to bear than their contempt. They do not even think us worth the trouble of keeping their feet from our heads!"

"According to your remark, then," kindly interposed a forget-me-not, "we ought to consider mankind as most unjust toward us. And yet I can answer these reproaches. Are we not their loveliest ornament when they hold their festivities, and do they not always select us as messengers of their holiest feelings—of their love?"

"Those times have long gone by," grumbled the sorrel. "Does not man, in the height of his presumption, dare to meddle with his Creator's handiwork, and endeavour to imitate, nay to surpass, us with wretched things made of painted paper? Which, now, are the fairest ornaments—ourselves or those paltry copies? And as for messengers of love, they only employ us in that capacity when they can get nothing better. Besides, the language of flowers has long gone out of fashion; they call it sentimentality, and laugh at it."

"I could endure all that," interposed the lily; "for how can man appreciate feelings which he does not know? Only, he ought not to deny the existence of those feelings which are brought plainly before his eyes. When night has passed, and we look around us in the light of morning, we are sure to miss one of our playmates, who has bowed her head in the evening twilight, or has been despoiled by the sharp night breeze. We then mourn over her, and tears tremble in our eyes. Man sees these tears; but, without troubling himself to understand them, he denies that the drops are a sign of our mournful feelings, and says that it is nothing but the dew which the morning mists have scattered over us."

"This proof of human injustice must have been very convincing, since for the moment none of them had anything to say by way of addition or reply. A group was then formed around a brilliant poppy which stood off by me in full bloom. For some time I had remarked that all the flowers in her neighbourhood laid their heads together, and took no part in the conversation which had been so little stirring to me. When the pause occurred, the cowslip, shaking her bells, cried out, "Silence, silence, sisters! the poppy has something to tell us." "Silence, silence; a story from the poppy!" was the general cry, and all of them listened attentively. Even the reed-grass had finished its long poem.

The poppy now raised herself on her slender stalk, looked around her, and then looked several times sideways and forwards. I expected that she would have let her audience enter into her long time, would have feigned boresness, and at any rate would have uttered a world of excuses; but things of this sort could not have been in fashion among the flowers; for the poppy, without any ado, told her story at once.

"You wish to hear me, then," said she. "Well, I must tell you, that, according to ancient traditions, which have been handed down from one generation to another in my family, we poppies owe our existence to a very singular event. Of course you do not believe that, when the world was first created, we flowers were scattered all at once over the earth. No—one came after the other, and things went on then much as they go on in the spring time now."

"And what goes on in spring?" interposed the cornflower.

"You had better ask that of the daisy," replied the poppy, "as she is an early flower; and then do not interrupt me any more."

The daisy, who had generally been highly esteemed—nay, was looked upon as somewhat of a simpleton—while her cousin, the pansy, stood in higher repute, on account of her superior education, was both gratified and offended at being allowed to speak, and her small white wings began to flutter, as if she were about to fly. For some time she looked on in silence, and then she raised her head gratefully to her lady patroness, and proceeded without waiting for further question:—

"How we offended the Winter, and made him so hard with us poor flowers, I cannot say; indeed, opinions are divided on the subject. Only this much is certain, that he cannot but us, and will not rest till he has swept us all from the surface of the earth. Still his reign does not last for ever, and after him comes our best friend—the Spring. Good Spring looks very good when, of all the motley children, which, on his departure, he so specially headed to the care of Summer, not one is left, and he is forced to wring his head in a long grey veil, because there are no flowers or leaves to twine into a wreath. He then passes his so it wam him lightly over the earth, and beckons and calls his darlings, not one of whom will yet put out his head, so much they have been frightened by the rough Winter. Nor is this fear altogether groundless, for instances have been known when Winter after his departure has returned and destroyed the flowers. Some flowers, indeed, which have a remarkably kindly heart, do not allow the Spring to wait long, but

come out as soon as they can. Such is the case with the good violet; but when she looks round and finds the earth so bare, and so few of her sisters awake, her courage fails her, and she again hides her head under the green leaves. Men call this modesty, but it is much more fear; and then there awakens in the violet a strong desire for her companions, which she expresses by the sweetest fragrance. Poor violet! her desire remains unsatisfied, and when the others come she has already completed the measure of her days. However, as she always feels attracted by her sister flowers, she sometimes returns for a few days in autumn, and obtains her wish, though, for that very reason, she does not smell so sweetly as when she blooms for the first time."

"You now see what happens in spring," resumed the poppy; "and so it was in the time of the creation—one flower came after another. However, at the time to which my traditions extend, most of them had already assembled, and the earth was truly beautiful, for joy and concord prevailed everywhere. Men and animals dwelt together in peace, and there was nothing but rejoicing from morning till evening. There was only one single being in the wide wide-world which did not share the general joy, and wandered mournfully over the young earth—that being was Night. You will ask why she was so sad. Recollect, she was alone in the world, while everything else had a companion; and is there any happiness when we cannot impart it? Besides, she became more and more sensible of a fact, which she would willingly have concealed from herself; that she was the only being whom the others would not approach in love. For, although she lighted her own little lamps, she could not help hiding the beauties of the earth from man and brute; and this alienated the affections of all. They did not, indeed, complain to her face; but the rejoicings with which the morning sun was greeted showed plainly enough how little she was loved. She was, however, naturally grievous, for she was good and kind, and she wrapped her head in her thickest veil to shed her bitter tears. We compassionate flowers were touched by her sorrows; and, although we could not alleviate her pain, we sought to cheer her to the best of our ability. But we had nothing to offer save colours and fragrance, and in colours Night has never taken much pleasure. We therefore stored up for her our sweetest scents; nay, some, for instance the evening violet, gave no smell in the daytime, that they might reserve all their fragrance for the night; and this custom, as you know, they have preserved ever since. Still, all this was insufficient to console the mourner, and she flung herself in her grief before the throne of the Creator."

"Almighty Father," she began, "Thou seest how everything is happy in Thy creation; I alone roam joyless, lonely, and unloved on the earth, and there is no single being to which I can communicate my grief. Day flies before me, though I hasten after him with ardent longing; and in like manner every creature turns away from me. Therefore, Thou, Almighty Father, take pity on my grief, and grant me a companion."

"In the Creator heard with pity the prayer of Night, and, fashioning Sleep, gave her to him for a companion. Is it not known that the Creator made Sleep out of kindness? Had Sleep alone been loved, and venter happiness, is the only joy and consolation? Night took her friend into her arms, and henceforth time were changed for her; not only had she ceased to be alone, but the hearts of all yearned towards her, since Sleep, the beloved of all mortals, came with her whenever she chased Day from the earth. Soon other kindly creatures were found in her train—Dreams, the children of Night and Sleep. These passed over the earth, with their parents, and soon formed a friendship with man, who was then a child in heart. But, alas! a change now arose. Passions awoke in man, and his soul became darkened by a darker. Evil communication soon overtook its children, and thus some of the Dreams, through their intercourse with man, became evil, deceitful, and cruel. Sleep observed this change in her children, and wished to punish the erring ones from her train, when the rest came to her and said, 'Let our brothers still be with us, they are not so bad as they seem; and we promise to use our best efforts to repair the mischief they have done.' The father granted the wish of his good children, and thus even the bad Dreams were allowed to remain in his train; but these, as experience shows, have mostly been the associates of bad men."

"As for mankind, they became worse and worse. One beautiful night a man was lying on the fragrant grass, and Sleep and Night approached him, but, sin prevented them from using their power. A frightful thought arose in his soul—the thought of murdering his brother. In vain did Sleep shake down upon him her soothing drops from her magic wand; in vain did the Dreams sport around him, with motley forms; he always shrank back from their gentle influence. Then Sleep called his children around him. 'Let us fly,' said he; 'this man is unworthy of our gifts; and they fled.' When they were at a distance Sleep took his wand, and half-angered the ill power so ill, and disdained to be around, while the Dreams hovered over it, scattering about their light airy images they would so willingly have bestowed upon man. Night, observing this, breathed life into the wand, so that it struck root into the earth. It thrived and still preserved the virtue which had invited Sleep; while the gifts of the Dreams became delicate, trembling leaves. This was the origin of us poppies."

The story was ended, and the flowers on all sides bowed their thanks to the narrator. Then morning dawned, and when it was bright day the leaves of a centifolium, which had been scattered by the wind, came fluttering along, and, stopping by every flower which they passed, paid her a sad farewell, and tears trembled in them all.

### THE FIR-TREE.

"Why did the Fir-tree creak when the daisy said that the Winter was wicked, and could not bear flowers?" asked the linden.

"Because he was angry," replied the oak; "and when he is angry he always creaks. Have you never heard that when the wind comes running through the wood he cries to us flowers, 'Bow your heads!' but that the Fir-tree says, 'Stand firm!' Thus, when the trees of the forest are awed, and pay their respects to the wind, the Fir-tree remains quite upright, and only turns about creaking, because he is in an ill-humour."

"But what has that to do with the Winter and the daisy?" said the linden.

"Ask him yourself," gabbled the poplar, "you will hear what says—he often gives sharp replies."

However, the linden was still curious; and who can blame him? When one stands year after year on the same spot of ground, one does not readily lose a story, from the fear of getting a sharp reply. When it is too sharp, we can shake it off; and so it is with flowers. At the same time the linden was prudent, and considered how he might best open the conversation.

"Fir-tree," said he, "how is it that you always wear the same dress, whether it is winter or summer, warm or cold?"

"Because I am not vain and always seeking for novelties, like you," answered the Fir-tree.

"He has you there," said the poplar.

For all that, the Fir-tree was wrong, and the reason he gave was not the one. The fact was, that he could do nothing contrary to his nature. For, of course, human beings are quite as stupid, and as slow to change their nature as a special virtue. Who has no taste for dress exclaims against the vain, nay, some abuse poetry because they are insensible to its beauties, and these are even worse than the Fir-tree. The linden had a good mind to be offended by the answer, and abstain from further conversation, but curiosity prevailed; and this was a very good thing, for, in the first place, there is no use in putting; and, in the next, he would never have known the story of Winter, and we should not have known it either. He therefore grumbled a little to himself, and then he turned to his unwelcome neighbour, he said:—

"At any rate, you can tell us something about Winter, for you know him, and it is said that you like him. We others know nothing about him, for we are asleep when he comes, while you keep awake, and doubtless have a talk with him during the long, long time."

The Fir-tree kept silent for awhile, and all the trees listened, anxious to know what would come of the conversation, though only the willow spoke:—

"You have a stout heart, linden-tree; you stick to him."

At last the Fir-tree replied:—







## THE STONE.

The silence did not continue long; it was only the result of the first shock. Indeed, how could it last? When so many stand close together there is always something to gossip about; moreover, the flowers and trees had been amused, and would have liked to hear more.

"If the Stone has really something to tell," said a tall open foxglove, "we request him to communicate it. Nay, he is bound to do something for our entertainment, for he thrusts himself between us, disturbs our intercourse, and never opens his mouth."

"As usual, the foxglove is more curious than any of us," said the strawberry-blossom.

"Curious!" retorted the foxglove. "Why is this charge perpetually brought against me?"

"It is because you're so curious that you lift your head so high, and look so far around you," said the strawberry-blossom.

"Nonsense!" said the foxglove. "I only do that to peep over the stone."

"A fine excuse," muttered the strawberry-blossom.

"And what do you do?" asked the foxglove.

"I bear fruit," was the answer.

"What are you muzzling for down there?" asked the birch. "One is just as vain and just as curious as the other; and that is natural enough, for what can we expect but childishness from things that are never above a year old?"

This imprudent expression nearly provoked a violent war, for all the flowers felt offended, and resolved with one accord that they would not be insulted with impunity. The flag was called upon to act as general to the standing army. The light troops of iron-caps (aconites) equipped themselves, and the heavy artillery of thorn-apples set themselves in motion. The factions of the foxglove and the strawberry-blossom, which had in fact produced the whole commotion, resolved to go against the common enemy; the nettle and thistles were called in as militia to the flowers, and an appeal was made to volunteers. The rose was first ready, and began to sharpen her thorns. We may observe, by the way, that she had an especial grudge against the two, because, although she often shot up to a stately little plant, they would not acknowledge her as an equal. The dispute between them had lasted for many years, and had afforded much work to the diplomatists of the flowers and trees, among whom the acacia had especially distinguished herself, by the zeal with which she espoused the cause of the rose, because she stood in immediate connexion with the smaller sort. Unfortunately the negotiations were all carried on by word of mouth, after the fashion of trees, or we should have had a fine heap of documents relating to the affair, which would have been all the more valuable in a diplomatic point of view, from the fact that the first page would have gone just as far as the last. The other flowers—which had not, like the rose, a private wrong to avenge—had not been idle on this question of honour. The anemone delivered long speeches on the rights of flowers, and the red-grass composed poems. The bilberry, filling her little cask, proclaimed herself *ricordatrice*; while a large body associated to a free corn taked much, and without animation, about dying for the public good, picturing to themselves in the most glaring colours the part which they would all play in the great triumphal processions.

Matters were really growing critical, and, if the trees did not arm themselves at once, many of them, from motives of inconvenience, disliked the contest. The fir-tree was particularly annoyed, because, as he had just been talking about the tender relation which existed between the trees and the flowers, he seemed open to a charge of romancing. However, the greater part of the flowers soon lost their warlike zeal; they liked listening to the noise of the fighting, and by gentle desire the white-thorn and the blackberry came forward and negotiated terms of peace. The blackberry was very zealous, as she considered herself somewhat as a relation to the strawberry, who had been the indirect cause of discord, while the white-thorn, who stood between the tree and the flower, was certainly an excellent diplomatist in a contest of the sort. An arrangement was, however, not so easy, as the birch could not be induced wholly to retract his offensive words. At last a loophole was found in an admission made by the birch, that, although he could not retract his declaration that the trees were older than the flowers, he was ready to admit that the stones and the blackberry came forward and negotiated terms of peace.

The discourse of the birch had again directed attention towards the Stone, and the desire to make him speak became very great; for, after the noise of war and the stormy excitement which had just passed, every one longed to hear a peaceful tale. But how was the factious, communicative Stone to be approached? The trees wished to give the Brook the office of persuading the Stone, the Brook having boasted of his intimacy and called attention to his stores of knowledge. The flowers, on the other hand, thought that the grass might be best employed, as being closely allied to the moss. This difference of opinion perilled the peace just concluded, when the Brook itself proposed another method.

"Request the fern to negotiate with the Stone. He is neither flower nor tree; he is the Stone's fan, and, moreover, his confidant, who bends over him, caresses him, and flatters him. Be sure the Stone will refuse him nothing."

"Fern," said the flowers, "will you persuade the Stone?"

"The fern nodded solemnly and silently. All listened, and the Brook murmured as though he also were persuading; though, whether he did so, no one really knows. The trees shook themselves once more, as a preparation for silence, and the flowers all thrust their little heads from the grass. In the meanwhile the fern had whispered to the Stone the general desire of the forest; and the following narrative strangely rolled forth through the broad leaves and through the moss which covered the narrator:—

"The Brook is quite right when he says that I am the oldest in all the forest, and know of times which lie far beyond the reach of your memories. The stories which I have heard from you are for the most part not true, though here and there a correct one is required. What the Poppy told you, viz. that one flower came after another on the earth, is true; the statement of the Fir-tree, that the reasons directed the earth between them, is true likewise; but, before this, a long long time elapsed, and many a battle had to be fought before things arrived at this point. When the Creator had first made the world the earth was a great rock, hard and barren, but firm and immovable. As the rock was so cold, the three elements, a mighty family, were sent to warm it and to fertilise it. First came the eldest brother, fire, clad in its dress of gold and purple. Violently and recklessly he raged through the earth, but the rock was too hard for him. Merciless as fire might glow upon it, it would not yield to his violence."

"A wild contest arose. In some places fire overcame the firmness of the rock and shivered off fragments of all sizes, which he scattered abroad in the pride of victory. This was the origin of our Stones large and small. We lie scattered about the earth without plan or order, just as the unbridled element in his capricious mood cast us off. The result of the contest was not in favour of fire, for, while he fumed away his strength, the rock was acquiring force and skill to oppose him. He was at last forced to subside; and the rock, taking him prisoner, landed him in a high, dark, and confined place, as he saw that where he remains still. That every stone contains fire, you all know; for, when we are struck together, or when man, who loves fire, and has made him his servant, strikes one of us with steel, a spark leaps out. These sparks are all little particles of a mighty force, and I will afterwards tell you how fire is always furiously toiling and moiling in the core of the earth. When fire was thus vanquished, his younger brother, water, came clad in green and silver. He was more shrewd and experienced, and had, moreover, an easier task to perform, for he could not only make use of his brother's past victories, but had gained knowledge by his father. As he saw that so little had been done by open combat, he betook himself to entreaty and negotiation. He played about the rock, now caressing, now fighting, as he employed by turns entreaty, cunning, and violence. The earth soon began to change her appearance, for, as water had taken possession of all the places which his brother had conquered, he at once secured a firm footing. Thus he extended more and more, in

the wide basin which now contains the sea. The rock good-humouredly allowed these encroachments, but cunning water rose higher and higher, and at last violently burst forth in those places which are now valleys and in which water has embedded its rivers. The rock even put up with this, and merely set up the banks as boundaries, but water became more and more encroaching, and often went far over the banks to attack the rock. At length, however, water knew that he had right and strength on his side, and drove the water back. Water, being obliged to retreat, devised a stratagem which prevented him from losing all his conquests. All the light fragments which he had coaxed out of his hard opponent he concealed in his depths, and, when he had overflowed his banks and was driven back, he left behind some of this mixture of rock and water, and the rock allowed it, because the fragments were after all a part of itself. Thus rose the distinctions of sea, river, rock, and earth. Still all was barren, for what is gained by force bears no blessing. Then the fair sister of the elements, the air, sent in her soft breeze between the rock and its adversaries. The rock would not indeed set fire at liberty, but air received permission to visit her imprisoned brother as often as she pleased, and whenever she did this she took a portion of his warmth, and scattered it over the whole earth. There were now signs of animation; the germs of plants began to strike root in the soil. This was not the result of heat alone, for the soil could not produce without the softening and cooling influence of water. As, however, a firm boundary was set to the good-will and activity of water, air caught from him his warm paternal kisses, and, bearing them as greetings, scattered them about the soil. All the seeds, trees, and plants sprouted forth, and man and beast could live upon the surface of the earth. Thus does air visit her brothers alternately, and each makes her a present—fire giving his heat, water giving his soft clouds. Hence you see airmen sometimes imbued with the glowing which she has caught from the embrace of fire; sometimes in the misty garment which water has hung about her as a parting gift. You see the fire of evening, the glow of morning—you see the mist rise when air bids adieu to water—you see clouds float along. The clouds, as children of the water, do not like to be far above the earth. Air makes her servants, the winds, bow down to her; but they cast a longing look at the earth, dissolved in tears. The particles of fire which have been carried up by air do not choose to remain with her, but dart down to the earth, not gently, like the clouds, but wildly and tumultuously. This is the origin of that wonder, the storm, which affects every inhabitant of earth. The soft desire of the clouds is communicated together with the fierce glare of the lightning, and a sharp sense of terror, coupled with a deep longing for some distant home, takes possession of man and beast, tree and blossom. But the blessing of air attends the storm, and, when fire and water return to earth, all become strong and thriving."

"What further news of the element made by the seasons—you have already heard. We Stones, who see everything blooming and verdant around us, and are old enough to recollect the early times of strife and disorder, rejoice at the sight, although we lie unheeded upon the soil which once belonged to us alone. Thus the foxglove made a very foolish speech, when she said that we thrust ourselves among you; since, on the contrary, it is you that crowd around us, and will scarcely allow us the little spot of ground on which we have quietly and modestly taken our place."

The foxglove, blushed and overcome by confusion, hung down all her bells, while the strawberry-blossom tread under her three green leaves, and the birch began to rustle overhead. The Brook, fearing that the old strife would be renewed, said, "We are much obliged to you for your story, grey elder of the forest, but you owe us still more."

"What do you want to know?" asked the Stone.

"We want to know what fire is about in the middle of the rock, and whether he is contented in his captivity."

"Not quite," replied the Stone, "for though his sister's visits amuse him, and he has the pleasure of contributing, with her assistance, to the fertilisation of the soil, he harbours a secret desire for liberty, and perhaps for absolute dominion over the earth. Water and air, however, were knowing that the rock would cause general destruction, are careful in preventing him from becoming too violent. Wherever he appears air hastens to the spot, and kisses her beloved brother; and although her kiss renders him stronger and brighter, she causes the warmth to be distributed, so that it becomes less powerful. If she alone is insufficient to curb him, water comes to her aid, and after a contest which is often noisy enough, fire is once more compelled to be quiet. He then sits deep in the bosom of the earth, devising all sorts of tricks by way of pastime. First he contrived to melt down part of the stone, and, while it was in a state of fusion, poured it with his own bright purple garments. 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GATHERING MISTLETOE.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.

## MY MISTLETOE MEMORIES;

BEING THE OLD BACHELOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LADIES HE HAS KISSED UNDER THAT PLANT—THOUGH NOTHING EVER CAME OF IT.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY FOSTER.

I don't know how it is. There never was a man had a greater capacity for getting married. I am notoriously a chimney-corner character. I hate living in chambers. I envy all my married friends, and regularly fall in love with their wives—with the full privacy and consent of the husbands, of course. I'll be bound to say there never was a poor fellow threw himself more in the way of the thing. I am well enough off to keep a wife in a pleasant, gentleman-and-ladylike style. I am not worse-looking than nine fellows out of ten. I am decidedly good-tempered. I am not ridiculously awkward, or spoony, or bearish. And yet, confound it all, I can't get married.

Nobody can say I haven't tried. I've tried in town, hard, these ten seasons. I've tried in country-houses; and they say every man has his chance there. I've done my Florence and Rome. I've yachted in the Solent, and all about there, and subscribed regularly to the Ryde balls. I've even gone the length of rigging myself out in a ridiculous green coat, and hat and feather, as one of the suburban toxophilites (though I never even hit the target), because there were a lot of girls in the club, and one was thrown a good deal together with them through the summer, in pic-nics, and that very provocative sort of thing. But all to no purpose. I can't do it. And yet how near it I have been, to be sure! So any one will say, I think, after reading these mistletoe memories, in which I mean to unburthen myself of some of my failures, which fell out at Christmas times, when people are particularly free and easy and sociable; and when, what with morning-room lounges, and rides, and private theatricals, and charades, and extempore Christmas gambols, there are no end of chances, as one may say.

I've had my share of these chances, I can assure you, and I think I did my best to profit by them (as I imagine my subsequent confessions prove), yet it all came to nothing. There was Fanny Hughes, now, here's a bit of the mistletoe under which I kissed her, with the date upon it, 184—, Bless me, is it so long ago? Why then she must be some four and thirty now; and I—but I'd rather not calculate. It was at the Hugheses' jolly old red-brick Berkshire house that I spent that Christmas, and a jolly party (as fitted the house) we were—the old folks fresh enough in heart to sympathise with us young ones (I say this advisedly, for I hadn't a grey hair in my whiskers then), and we young folks all determined on making a merry Christmas of it; and Fanny was the merriest of the lot. Dear Fanny Hughes (I beg the Rev. Mrs. Ingulphus Crabbe's pardon for remembering her by her secular name) was in complexion a blonde; in character the most piquant mixture of a blue and a romp that ever crazed a man. She rode like a Pentesilea, and when she rattled her light mare alongside of your steady hunter over the springy old park turf (not broken up for a century), with her bunches of golden ringlets flying back from under the brim of her black wide-awake—for she had adopted that becoming head-gear even at that early date—and her clear face glowing with the rapid motion, and her round bust heaving with the heave of the gallop, and her light laugh ringing through the air till the cows half a mile off looked up from grazing, and wondered if fairies were in the wind—I defy the soberest, flattest, most ditchwater-blooded of men not to have knocked under. And she was just as irresistible out of her riding-habit, for she sang

charmingly, and every now and then flung into her pathetic songs such a comical twang, and dashed her mirthful songs with such an under-music of sadness, and then she talked so wittily, and had read such a great deal, and in so many tongues, and was so wayward and reckless in her judgment of books, and men, and things, that even if a man did not go out riding with her, and thus escape the Diana of the park, he was sure to find himself at her chair all the evening, and so fall a victim to the Minerva of the drawing-room. Now, I was both riding man and reading man, and so I was hit on both sides, and I confess I thought Fanny saw it, and had no particular objection. But she was such a romp that it was hard to say. I don't imagine she had a bit of conscious coquetry in her nature, but she couldn't resist the harum-scarum blood that made her light heart dance to all sorts of tunes.

The only real spoon of that party (if I may be allowed the expression) was the Rev. Ingulphus Crabbe, a sucking Puseyite divine—an "acolyte" he delighted to call himself—who had just taken orders, after coming out a mild fourth-class at Oxford. Oh, what a bore he was! He was oppressively humble, and wore his hair parted in the middle, with a long black outer garment (which looked like a surcoat arrested half way in its growth towards a great coat), a waistcoat buttoned to the throat, and surmounted by a tight white stock with no visible tie to it, and close-shaven whiskers; presenting altogether a mortified, self-satisfied, and most conceitedly abject appearance.

No wonder Fanny laughed at him, and no wonder he was scandalized at her. I used to draw caricatures of him in ridiculous positions, which amused Fanny exceedingly. In fact, as a Cambridge man, I felt it my duty to put Oxford down in the person of the Rev. Ingulphus; and I thought I had succeeded. He used to bring Keble's "Lyra Infantium" into the drawing-room, and Prudentius, and other barbarous ecclesiastical poets, and laboriously translate them to Fanny, and ask her to set them to music, which she did, always choosing the most vulgar airs, such as "Jim Crow" and other early Negro melodies then popular, which, being played slowly, quite satisfied the Rev. Ingulphus, who thought them charmingly devotional. He fasted twice a week; never rode, nor skated, nor played hockey with us on the lawn; in short (though he rather imposed on some of the girls in the house), we men all voted him a prig and a spoon, and none seemed to take a more decided view of him in that light than his charming Fanny.

Well, Christmas came, and we had the mummings in from the village, and the yule-log in the great hall fireplace, and a dance afterwards under the mistletoe—under that very mistletoe of which a dried-up sprig is now lying on my table. I had been riding with Fanny in the morning, and I thought I had done everything but pop the question. I danced with her the first country dance, and I kissed her under this very mistletoe, and I determined to settle the matter that night, come what would.

Towards the close of the ball—for we kept it up very late that night—I looked in vain for Fanny. Nobody had seen her for the last dance or two.

The Rev. Ingulphus was missing too; but as he had strongly denounced the affair altogether, and especially the mistletoe part of the entertainment, which he pronounced a heathenish and Druidic superstition, nobody was surprised at his absence, which was, indeed, rather a relief than otherwise. Where could Fanny be? I felt it would never do to go to bed without settling matters one way or the other. So I went to look for her. The drawing-room communicated with the hall by a billiard-room, and out of the billiard-room was a little morning-

room, which Fanny called hers, but which was common property, for there was always sure to be some fun going on there.

She wasn't in the billiard-room, and her maid was still dancing, so I knew she hadn't gone to bed. As I passed through the billiard-room, on my way to the hall again, big with my great resolve, and the arteries in my temples throbbing like Jullien's big drums, I saw a light in the morning-room for the door stood ajar, and heard voices, I listened; indeed, I had only to stop to hear. It was the voice of the Rev. Ingulphus. The tone was as passionate and tender as he could pitch it. In fact, he was in the very heart of a declaration. "Oh! by Jove," I thought to myself, "how I shall make Fanny laugh with this to-morrow. But let me see the lady," and, stealing to the door, I peeped in. They were sitting on a sofa together, very near each other, before the fire. Her back was towards the door, but there were the golden ringlets, and the head was resting on the black shoulder of the Rev. Ingulphus.

That day four months Fanny Hughes was transformed into the Rev. Mrs. Ingulphus.

I have seen her since, accidentally; she is a good deal changed, and I see she will be a coarse woman. She is passionately devout; it is probable that Ingulphus and she will both go over to Rome. On second thoughts, though, I don't know that they will, for he has a good family living from the Hugheses; and as he has an almshouse in the parish with six old men and twelve old women, who don't object to any amount of morning service ("matins," as he calls it), and will go through an incredible quantity of genuflection and other ecclesiastical posture-making on consideration of the very liberal doles which Mrs. Ingulphus is accustomed to serve out at the vicarage to those of the right sort, I shouldn't wonder if he stays where he is, as the bulk of the congregation have "suited themselves," some of them in the parish church of the next village, and some in the dissenting chapels (of which three have sprung up in the parish of the Rev. Ingulphus); and the bishop is an easy-going sort of a man.

And that was what my first mistletoe memory came to.

I didn't hear Fanny any malice, but I don't think I danced much the next year, and I certainly didn't feel disposed to make another trial of a romp. One has no security, I felt, with your fly-away style of woman; though how the Rev. Ingulphus contrived to do it I haven't the slightest notion to this day.

The Christmas after that I spent in Devonshire, not far from Teignmouth, in the grandest scenery of England, at the house of my old uncle Sparshot, a hard-weather half-pay admiral, who had married a Devonshire beauty with a good fortune.

Jack Sparshot, my cousin, was a great crotch of mine; we were at college together, and I had skulked with him, town and gown rowed with him, been confined to gates with him, tumbled his bed when he slept out of college, and, in short, done all the offices of a Cambridge Orestes to his Pylades. Jack was a good-natured, harum-scarum, black-whiskered, apple-cheeked fellow, with a great deal of the old admiral's sailor-like frankness and kindness, but with no more sentiment in him than an old special pleader. He was a capital shot, a good rider to hounds, and one of the most knowing cattle-breeders in Devonshire. In short, he was the *beau-ideal* of a country gentleman, according to western notions, thinking no more than he could help about anything not immediately growing out of the ground of his own county and his own estate. Among our Christmas party that year



was the widow of an old shipmate of the admiral, Mrs. Topham, who was staying at Torquay for the benefit, she said, of her daughter Emily's health. Emily was with her mother. She was a tall, plump, bright girl, with soft brown hair, and great tender grey eyes, that looked on every human being, from the knife-boy up to my uncle, with the same imploring, appealing expression.

By the way, why is it one always describes a woman by her hair and eyes? One always does something as if, these given, everybody could fill up the rest of the picture.

Emily was in delicate health, always had been, her mother said, and she looked frail enough certainly. But I must say that I never could see any trace of the wear and tear of pain in her smooth white brow; and I can answer for it that her appetite was capital. However, she was *certainly* an invalid, and she was such a pretty and interesting invalid, that one could not help wishing she might never get quite well; though, at the same time, it was absolutely necessary she should never get any worse.

She used to lie a great deal on the sofa, in the prettiest white cashmere pelisse, with lots of shawls and burnouses about her, draped in the most picturesque way, and two or three times a week she would not appear at dinner, and on these occasions, when we came into the drawing-room, we were sure to find her in the prettiest sort of head-dresses, half veil, half night-cap, all lace and muslin and delicate ribbons, in which she looked a something between *odalisque* and *frivol*, that was very bewitching indeed. And then, when you asked after her health, there was such an angelic tone of resignation in her voice, and such a depth of unrevealed suffering in her smile, such a piteous appeal in her great lamp-like grey eyes, with their black lashes, that you felt inclined to clasp her in your arms then and there, and vow to cherish, watch over, and wait upon her to the end of your natural life.

She didn't go out much. Indeed, her chest was so delicate, her mother said, that it was even dangerous for her to change from one room to another without precautions; and, accordingly, when she did migrate, as she occasionally did, to be a spectator of our Christmas gambols, from the drawing-room to the library, she came hooded and shawled, like an Eastern Sultana, leaning with such a delicious pressure on the arm of the happy fellow who had succeeded in winning that place of honour, and sank all into the warmest and softest seat, which, comported herself (herself included) seemed to comfort her by right. And then the gentle look of thanks with which she rewarded her cavalier! She gave me two of those looks, and I was done for.

I can't express the tenderness I felt for this suffering angel. How I longed to take her up in my arms, like a delicate lamb, and carry her gently through the rough places of the world! Jack Sparshot, on the contrary, was *brusque* and boisterous with her, as with everybody else. Her sufferings seemed to make no impression on his coarse and unimaginationed nature. He shuddered at all dreadfully once, I remember, when I said that a good cancer would do her more good than all the nursing in the world, and actually made the groom put a side-saddle on a young thoroughbred of his own, and brought it round for her, after putting it through its paces on the terrace. To show her how gentle it was—a performance in the course of which he knocked a whole row of stone garden-pots into the ha-ha.

When Christmas came, dear suffering Emily did her best to join in our sports. Dancing was out of the question; but her couch was brought down into the hall, and she lay wrapped in her shadowy draperies and looked on like a dreamy being, till, before her. When I say "I didn't dance much," I meant the best part of the night leaning over her sofa, drinking in the "light of her eyes," listening to her soft flute-like voice, and thinking that, if angels ever were invalids, they must, while in that state, be uncommonly like Emily Topham.

There seemed a sort of sacrifice in making love to a creature who appeared always on the point of winning her to a better and a brighter world. I had never breathed a word of love to Emily, but, if ever a man showed his over-heat and ears, by every look of his eyes, every vibration of his lips, and every act of his intercourse with me, I was that man. She must have seen it, but she was so sweet, and gentle, and tenderly truthful with everybody, that I could not but feel I could ever quite satisfy myself that she made any difference with any of the half-dozen young fellows who were in the same predicament with myself.

Of course the women hated her. Mary Sparshot, who had a good deal of Jack's coarseness, said, in her slang way, that she was a humbug, that her delicacy was a "do," and called her constitutional tendency to consumption "a ridiculous delusion."

But this was not to be wondered at, for Emily had all the men at her feet; and we were never happy unless when we were trotting about on her errands, or doing *siavini* office about her, one shaking up her pillows, another holding her eau de Cologne, a third fanning her, a fourth re-arranging the shawls over her feet, and so on, all but Jack Sparshot, who didn't scruple to say to my uncle's face much the same style of thing as his sister said behind her back.

Among other pieces of brutality that Christmas-night, he insisted on Emily's joining in the last collation, and absolutely succeeded in dragging the poor girl up to the table for the purpose. And when it came to the mystic ceremony under the mistletoe—(Cheigo! there's the sprig, labelled with her name and the date)—I was happy enough to have her hand in mine, and, for the first and the last time, I pressed a kiss upon her lips! But brute Jack Sparshot did the same just after me, with a smack like the explosion of a soda-water bottle. She flushed and appeared disgusted at Jack's; she blushed, but did not appear disgusted at mine. Oh, what a night it had after that kiss! I mean mine, not Jack's. It was plain that it was no use reasoning. People talk about the wretchedness of marrying an invalid wife, of turning one's house into a hospital, and so forth. I felt that who talked so were selfish brutes, and had never known an Emily Topham.

I determined, come what might, to break it to her the next morning, and to offer my heart and hand, and fortune, such as it was, to promote her happiness. If she wanted a husband to defend her, I was ready. If she required a nurse to wait upon her, I was willing to take the duty. I would live at watering-places on the South coast. I had no objection to go abroad—as far as Madeira. In short, I was ready to be husband, lover, servant, sick-nurse, slave, and family physician, all in one.

When I saw her the next day, Jack Sparshot was leaning over the sofa, coarsely joking with her about his performance on the night before under the mistletoe, and obviously wounding the poor girl's feelings. And there he stuck the whole morning, though the hounds met in the neighbourhood, and there was no frost. I couldn't get an opportunity of thriving myself and all I had at her feet.

Unluckily a frost set in the day after, and there was no hunting for a week. Jack Sparshot was always hailing about Emily's sofa, and I think week, unless a week or two, for a quarter of an hour at a time, and it was with indescribable satisfaction that I saw Jack in pink at breakfast. I made an excuse for staying at home; and, as soon as breakfast was over and everybody scattered, I flew to dear Emily. She lay in a little room, half conservatory, half parlour, which had been christened her *lidoir*, and I thought I had never seen her looking more irresistible than she did among the great white arums and the camellias, whose glossy leaves and bright corollas blossoms brought out the style of beauty with which she shined after it was one of her "sick" days, and she wore one of those bewitching caps which made her love-liness ten times lovelier.

I wasn't master of myself. I did then what I never did before, and what I believe is seldom done by people who make declarations—*if the stage*: I actually went on my knees, and I poured out my devotion in that slavish attitude.

She cast down her lustrous eyes and let me finish, and then in her sweet voice she told me how honoured she felt by my preference, and so forth, but that her husband was promised to another!

And whom do you think they were promised to?

Jack Sparshot! black-whiskered, apple-cheeked, fox-hunting, cattle-breeding, loud-voiced, blustering, hulking Jack Sparshot! Yes! he had done it when I couldn't. And his success puzzled me just as much as the Rev. Ingulphus's. They were married in due course. Emily is still lovely, and still an invalid. But Jack Sparshot, I am thankful to say, is no longer jolly, and red-cheeked, and boisterous. He is grown a tamed, spiritless, meeking

sort of a fellow, something between a groom of the chambers and an apothecary, and spends his life in paying guinea fees to celebrated doctors, and trotting his interesting wife about from watering-place to watering place; though Emily, I will do her the justice to say, always chooses the pleasantest ones; and the best of the joke is, that she lends him a deuce of a life, by all accounts, and has always a set of armpits round her, who consider him as a brute, and her as a victim, and don't attempt to tell him so indirectly, and she encourages them in it, though nobody knows better than she does who is the victim in that respect.

So I was well rid of my interesting invalid after all. She was, in fact, a very finished performer of precisely the same line of character, though on a higher stage, as the gentleman with a white nightcap on, who chafes "I am starving" on the flags, and takes sudden fits in the presence of well-known good Samaritans, unless there happens to be a policeman in sight.

However, I didn't know all this till a good many years after Emily became Mrs. Sparshot, and I won't pretend to say that I didn't feel an aching void for many a month after that morning in Emily's boudoir.

And now, have you still a mind for a third mistletoe memory? I believe I am an awful warning, in some way or other, though I don't exactly know what; so I don't mind going on in the hope that what I write may be useful to persons about to marry.

Did you ever spend a winter at Boulogne? If you haven't you're no notion how dreary that season is, when, as a rule, there's nobody and too windy for walking on the beach, when, as a rule, there's nobody staying in the place but those who've made every other place too hot to hold them; and when there is nobody in the steamers whom one may have the fear of seeing on land, and when everybody who does land bears traces of recent sea-sickness, and when the ball-room at that establishment, down on the sands, is shut up, and you sometimes can't get any fish for a week together; and when, if it's a gale, you see the poor fishermen's wives and sisters in an agony of fear, saying their prayers to *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, and, in short, when everything is as much the reverse of jolly as it is possible to conceive. Well, I spent the winter of 1841 at Boulogne, not because I couldn't leave it, but on account of the severe illness of a travelling companion with whom I had made a tour in Switzerland and Italy, and who knocked up on our road home.

I was determined, like Mark Tapley, to be jolly under the severe difficulties of the situation, as the French say; so I went everywhere, made acquaintance with everybody—that is, everybody that was not tabooed by the police and the English Protestant oligarchy (two very safe detectors), and made excursions to *Portel* and picked up a "bit of acquaintance" with the *lidoir*, and made a little quiet old bachelorish love to the pretty *maitresse*, in an innocent way; and, in short, extracted the utmost enjoyment I could from every thing about me. There was a most of presentable English there still, as I have said, and it was derived amongst us, as Christmas drew on, that we should assemble at the largest and pleasantest house of the set, for a regular John Bull Christmas dinner and a Christmas-night's fun after it.

I may as well own at once that I had, as usual, found a companion, in the shape of a woman, even in this desolate town of Boulogne. This was Mrs. Wyndham Edgingham, who had been married in India, and was now at Boulogne for the education of her two children, a boy and a girl. She wasn't more than five-and-twenty, and must have been left a widow about four years, as she had been that time in England, she told me. Mrs. Wyndham Edgingham?—the name was suspicious certainly, but I met her constantly at the English Protestant clergyman's, the very citadel of Boulogne respectability; and, besides, the two children were guarantees in their way.

Now, Fanny Hughes had cured me of romps, and Emily Topham of interesting invalids, but I found in Mrs. Wyndham Edgingham a woman who just fitted that miserable picture in my head, never vacant for an ever-present for a permanent. Maria (for she appears to me under that name) was a pretty, black-eyed, agreeable, energetic, sensible brunette, clearly a woman who had had her difficulties in life, and had pulled through them by dint of a pleasant face, a good heart, and a great deal of common sense. It struck me as odd that she never alluded to her husband. I concluded it was one of the common cases of an Indian marriage consignment, and that she had no particularly tender reminiscences of her pur-baser.

I made her acquaintance through a very sturdy youngster of some seven years, whom I one day found in the fish-market, dying to be taken to the French boys, each bigger than himself, because they had called him a "*jeune goddam*." The abominable *maitresse*, instead of taking the poor little hero's part, were egging on their cowardly young compatriots to go in and win, which they seemed no way inclined to do, the French youths having a mysterious dread of even the tiniest pair of English fists. Still, it would have fared ill, I fear, with little Willy Edgingham if he hadn't come to the rescue, and offered the young rascals who were insulting him, I was led home with him to his manse. (Who had a very handsome apartment in the Rue de l'Ecu), and consigned him to Mrs. Edgingham, whom I had met before, as I have said, and had, indeed, been introduced to at the English clergyman's.

I was struck by her homely and daily bread grace and good sense, and I must confess I saw her afterwards as often as I could decently contrive a pretext for doing so. And Boulogne is a town like Brighton, where one may always make sure of meeting all one's acquaintances in the place so often that it becomes a bore at last to pass them, as one never knows whether to go by with a bow, or a smile, or a word on the weather, or without taking any notice whatever.

Mrs. Wyndham Edgingham and I accordingly became fast friends. She consulted me a good deal about her children's education, which, I must say, appeared to me to consist chiefly in a continued course of bad French and haricot beans; and I used to ask her advice about my friend's ailments, which was one of a kind (she said), "My husband used to be much subject to it in India." "Died of it, probably," I thought to myself; but of course I felt a delicacy of intruding on the subject. I never heard anything of her till Mrs. Edgingham but in allusion to the time she spent in India. I doubt he had been a horrid fellow, with a cold in the nose, and a cotton shirt and naked trousers. I couldn't help drawing a momentary comparison between my idea of the late Edgingham and myself, and I felt comfortable.

Mrs. Edgingham was of our Christmas party—the life and soul of it, indeed; and I believe we were all incomprehensibly John Bullish on the occasion. I remember sang "God save the Queen" with a fervour of loyalty which we had never conceived ourselves capable before; and "Rule Britannia" was chorused in a style of blustering defiance that was really unbecomingly, considering we were in France, and in the midst of God-blessed and shaking hands, among slight acquaintances, which I never could quite account for in a rational way.

Our Christmas dance was a great success. We invited some of our French friends to it, and the interest they took in the ceremonial, the frantic way in which they assisted in bringing in the log, and their ecstatic delight at the *ponche flamboyant* with the snap-dragons, and the desperate efforts they made to drink "was hael" and "trink hael" in the Saxon manner, are things not to be described. Neither can I adequately convey an idea of the dance performed by one of our French visitors, a furious *Anglaise*, who had once, unluckily for himself, been to Scotland, and had seen the sports of what he called *les Nantingards*, and who on this occasion gave us a French version of the Highland fling, with variations—*de, I* may charitably suppose, to the punch. I believe, if a *sergent de ville* had been there, he would have spent the night in the nearest *violin*, for as the French call their station-houses.

But the triumph of the evening with both French and English was certainly the mistletoe. I never saw the peculiar privileges of that plant more vividly drawn upon than that night in the old town of Boulogne. The way these Frenchmen entered into the spirit of this part of the entertainment with "*les jeunes messes*," as they persisted in calling every lady in the room under forty, was perfectly startling. I am glad to say, however, that I succeeded in preserving my pretty widow's cherries intact—I mean for my own private use. I was the only man who kissed Mrs. Wyndham Edgingham's lips under that mistletoe. I believe I was the first that offered to do so, and she seemed rather taken aback.

Before I left the house that night I had determined to turn this pre-

ference to account; and, after carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons*—under which latter head Master and Miss Edgingham cut a large figure—I determined to avow my passion next morning, and ask the widow's hand. Next day was pleasant and sunny. I met her on the jetty, her roses not a bit faded by the late hours of the night before.

The Dover steamer was just smoking in between the piers, as in a few hurried words I told her the state of my affections, my family, and fortune (for I felt she was a woman of business), and offered myself and my advantages, personal and contingent, to her acceptance. She blushed—that I expected; and then she laughed—which I did not expect; and then she was apparently about to make an apology for laughing—for I suppose I looked annoyed—when suddenly fixing her eyes on the scanty and sea-sick passengers who were clambering up the ladder to the jetty near which we stood, she gave a short scream, ducked under the *donne* ropes like a diver, and before I had time to close my mouth, which had opened involuntarily in my amazement, she was hysterically hugging a lathy gentleman, with a yellow face and a large cloak, who seemed rather embarrassed at this passionate recognition, at which the grinning *donneurs* and gaping *maitresses* "assisted" (as the French say) with much apparent satisfaction.

Obeying a sort of mechanical impulse, I had followed her to the ropes; and judge of my feelings when, releasing the tall gentleman, she turned, and introduced to me—Mr. Wyndham Edgingham, her husband!

She wasn't a widow, after all—one—a grass-widow, as the Irish call it—one of those very little married Indian wives who come home with the children, after a few years' marriage, leaving her husband to feather his nest and ruin his constitution in Burmah, or Hyderabad, or Badgerwallah, as the case may be.

It was too bad. She ought to have mentioned him sooner; but she told me afterwards she hadn't the slightest idea—didn't know she had a live husband, and, moreover, had no conception I felt anything for her warmer than friendship. Now, what the deuce is it in me that will not allow women to see when I'm in love with them? They never do, somehow, and now, I suppose, they never will; and that's the reason why I still continue to subscribe myself

"THE OLD BACHELOR."

## MISS HENNY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It's the old, very clean, not very large, but very dull "borrowstown," in the north of Scotland, where almost the whole of that educational system which was intended to fit me for the common arithmetical and grammatical requirements of life was carried on, there was one small street, wider than the others perhaps, which certainly contained houses of a more antique build, amongst which not a shop was to be found, whose inmates rested upon the number of ancient unmarried females of a respectable rank in society that resided in it. We wicked urchins of the Grammar School called it Old Maid-street; and, if there was a locality in all N—, that abounded with more modest worth, more genuine charity, more practical usefulness than any other, it was that very street. I affirm this at the outset of my sketch, lest by any chance, fair readers, you should turn from it as containing nothing but a commonplace diatribe against a class of women which I reverence, and in which I have found individuals possessing every feminine endowment that can grace the mind. I have discovered amongst "old maids" such qualifications of intellect—and, where the brightest lights of intellect were wanting, of heart-fulness—as justify almost any amount of praise I may be inclined to lavish on them.

There were actually eleven spinsters in that street, not one of whom was reproached by such condemnatory epithets as are by some considered to be the fitting attributes of the race. People said that, if a twelfth intruded into the charmed circle, the harmony that was known to prevail amongst them would evaporate. Not unlikely, since a straw may light a conflagration; and the first permitted plant of ragwort may fill the farmer's field with many weeds; but luckily, in my youthful days, the original number remained unaltered. There was not one of these women who could lay claim to the very uninteresting title of "faithful monster"; there was not one who had not a natural freckle on her temple, a human wrinkle on her disposition; there were even one or two—perhaps more—who had fewer beauties than defects in their mental construction; but where will you find the perfectly spotless drift of snow? As soon as it has reached the earth, there will be something belonging to that earth mingle with it, either springing from its couch, downfalling from its canopy, or windwafted to it by atmospheric influences.

Amongst them, however, was one who became at a very early stage of my existence an object of peculiar interest to me. Not wholly unmercenarily was my predilection for Miss Henny, for she was the dear and consistent friend of my own favourite cousin Jamie—herself an old maid now, and one who has won love and regard from all who knew her by a steady course of usefulness, piety, and benevolence. Besides which, Miss Henny had many ways of winning the affection of a boy whose natural inclinations tended strongly towards the creature comforts of buns, marmalade, and *floury scones* covered with honey. Above all, she had a roomful of books, which she not only loved to read herself, but which she loved to lend to others to read, provided great care was taken of them. Now, I was as fond of reading all sorts of old-fashioned books as I was of feasting on short-bread; and so her first impressions of nature derived from St. Pierre, my worship of ideal harmony gleaned from Spenser; my first serious, but not gloomy, views of religion from Flavel's quaint and gentle pages. I should not forget, that among those books were a few of a description that acted upon my mind with a sort of fascination not altogether wholesome. There were some old black letter romances: Mrs. Radcliffe's "Udolpho," Charlotte Smith's "Solitary Wanderer," Mrs. Roche's "Children of the Abbey" and "Evelina," then actually a new book, at least in our part of the world.

Miss Henny Rose at this time might have been some fifty years of age. In figure she was large, robust, muscular; I used to think she would have made a capital drill-sergeant, she stood so erect, and insisted so strenuously upon every one else doing the same. Her face had no beauty derivable from contour of features; the latter, indeed, were masculine; and a *souffron* of moustache, which seemed but a shadow of her thick, blackeyelids, began to invade the upper lip of a moustache. Her hair, in itself, but garnished with very white and even teeth and a smile that was very sweet and not unbecoming. Her eyes were black and large; their expression at times was that of intense thoughtfulness; it seemed as if she were looking at something beyond that outward object upon which they were fixed; and, as she sat abstracted in this position, I have watched her from the window seat, where I used to read of an evening until my thoughts of what hers might be have startled me. A serious smile was often in these eyes, but it was evident that tears had been no unfamiliar things, though a serene tranquillity was their new general expression. Yet, when aroused by indignation at what she deemed unworthy conduct, I have seen them light up with a fire that betrayed the existence of feelings as pressed but not extinguished. She was without any living relations, having been the only child of a poor but proud Highland gentleman, on whose death she became heiress to some property which brought her in about £100 annually. And truly she



was considered rich by many of her sisterhood in the neighbourhood, though to hoard her wealth in bank or coffer was not her forte. She was quietly and judiciously charitable, and the real delight she took in doing good taught her a financial economy not natural to her free and liberal character. Miss Henny's chief self-indulgence was to assemble a party of young folks to what we used to call "a grand tea." A few elderly persons were always there, but the feast was avowedly prepared for her juvenile guests, and it is wonderful how mirthful she became in ministering to the mirth of others, and with what ease she prevented gaiety from degenerating into boisterous romping. And what tea she gave us! Never since have I drunk such tea, not even in that Eastern land where, fresh and fragrant from China, the aroma it exhales, as the catty containing it is opened, perfumes the saloon. Yes, once I drank of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and acknowledged it equal to that of Miss Henny's brewing. It was prepared by Mrs. Leigh Hunt, and sent down to us by her to her husband's study as "tea, just as she used to make it for Keats!"

Then the accessories to Miss Henny's tea were choice and delicate; the wholesome brown bread sliced and covered with the best, richest, primrose-hued butter of Strathpey, flour scones, hot and well-buttered oaten bannocks, crisp, and sweet with marmalade or honey! Merry games followed our innocent feasts; sometimes, too, a little dance, for an ancient spinnet stood in the room, and there was always some one who could play a reel, or, may be, a country dance. Sometimes one of the girls would sing old ballads, such as "Barbara Allen," or the "Heir of Lynn;" and sometimes, in the long winter evenings, we would gather round the fire, and listen to such stories as fairly made our young hearts leap within us. We had tales of witch and of warlock, of water-helms that sang sweetly on the brown waters of the Nairn till the traveller drew near, when, with discordant shrieks, the fiendish creatures "meled awa' "neath the water, coking its tail up just like a big skate." We had traditions of haunted cairns, and of Highland raids; of fairies heard on the hill side by the shepherd, who, putting his ear to the roots of the bracken, hears the sound of their voices; and of tasks that tell of the common avocations of life—the pouring of water from pail to pan, the kneading of bannocks, and the whirling of spinning-wheels. There were love stories too; but more about ghosts, and of the *Bodach nan Clochan*, or Old Man in the Mantle, that is known to sit on the grey rocks of Ardclach, and on the moors of Braemar, though Miss Henny insisted that it was nothing but a monstrous bird. In those modern days poor Miss Henny would have been sorely condemned, for encouraging the legendary lore which followed her cakes and cream. But we took no harm that ever I could discover; and, if I continue to cling to a little belief in the supernatural to this day, I can conscientiously assert that it has at no time caused me the slightest discomfort.

"If I had minded that this was the 1st of August, I should not have invited you here to-night," said Miss Henny, at the breaking up of one of her parties, as she helped my cousin Jennie on with her cloak; "ye ken what happened to me long ago, my dear? Ay, ay, well, I should be thankful that I have forgotten it myself. But God is good! He makes us to remember, and he makes us to forget even as He thinks it is best for us! It was a sore grief to me, many a day, but the guilt of blood, or of the desire to shed it, was never upon my soul. God bless you, bairns, and dinna think o' what I have been saying to Miss Jennie." The latter part of this speech was addressed to a few young people, who like myself had heard with some wonder the who of what had been said; nor had we passed her threshold before she began to tell us, as we followed our senior up the long lane that led past the Kirk.

"I should like to know what melancholy occurrence Miss Rose alluded to, as being connected with this day," said I to my companion, a very pretty girl whom I generally contrived to escort home on similar occasions.

"I think I do know," replied Mary Ann; "but boys should never be told such things, they always make fun of them."

"Make fun of what?" cried I; "besides, I am not such a boy, after all. I am to get a cadetship next year, and perhaps when I wear a red jacket."

"A red jacket, pooh!" said she, rather disdainfully I thought. "It would have been better if Miss Henny had never seen one. Why, it was an officer that she—but I had better hold my tongue."

"Good gracious, Ma y Ann! you are quite mysterious to-night. You surely don't mean to say that she murdered a soldier?"

"Well," admitted Mary Ann, "they do say that she somehow killed an officer—he was a real captain; but by all accounts he quite deserved his fate."

I had no time to investigate the claims of the real captain to be taken by lady hands, for we reached our dwelling in robes and parted for the night. But it was not long before I gathered from my cousin Jennie the revelations of Miss Rose's history—a simple story, at true, which I shall relate in my own way.

Rose of Roseburn, in Ross-shire, the father of my heroine, had run through a considerable property, in the manner then, as now, peculiar to fast men. He had married a woman as extravagantly inclined as himself; and when she died, leaving Henrietta to the care of her husband's sister, it was fortunate for the poor motherless girl that she fell into such excellent hands as those of Mrs. Cameron, who, herself a woman of strong understanding, sincere piety, and practical sense, brought up her niece to be a useful and amiable member of society; so that on her decease, which happened when Henrietta was in her twenty-fifth year, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had done her duty by the girl, and that the annuity she had settled upon her was safe, judiciously placed beyond the reach of her reckless brother. Mrs. Cameron had resided for many years at Roseburn, where the influence she exercised over the laird was not without those beneficial results which, pure or less, extend to the souls of the children of the house. But on her death the frivolous and dissipated habits of the man again broke forth, unrestrained by any feelings of regard for his daughter, who had some difficulty in prevailing upon a maiden relative to come and reside with her, whose presence might in some measure protect her from the society of the troop of lawless and ill-mannered guests whom her father encouraged to spend night and day at the hall. About a year after the death of her aunt, a certain Lieutenant Murdoch was introduced to her by her father, as an officer on furlough from his regiment, then in the Peninsula. Mr. Murdoch was a handsome man, some forty years of age, and how it came to pass I cannot tell, but it was that he became violently smitten with Miss Henny, who, though by no means beautiful, possessed comeliness, good nature, and good sense. In after days, Miss Henny was wont to declare that her heart never fully responded to a warmth of affection, which was yet flattering, if not appreciated; but circumstances threw them together; and, believing that he was the most respectable and best behaved of her father's associates, she at last consented to become his wife in the course of two years, provided nothing occurred in the meantime to alter her favourable opinion. Mr. Murdoch, who had been a soldier, and who owned that, for a year or two, his means would not enable him to marry, was, in his stay at Rose-shire, last six months after they had come to this understanding; but, long before he went away, circumstances had occurred to strengthen Henrietta's conviction that she had acted prudently in postponing the certain promise of her hand. Reports reached her of the former life of dissipation led by Murdoch, and she was dissuaded from ever fulfilling her engagement by insinuations that lunacy prevailed in his family. To these whispers Henrietta turned a deaf ear, but she could not prevent herself that of Lieut. Murdoch had become the inseparable companion of her father in all his wildest escapades. They spent weeks together at Inverness, whence they were sure to return with empty purses and tarnished reputations. They played billiards or cards incessantly, and drank whiskey punch until each night ended in noisy intoxication; and at length they took to fox-hunting in their cups, till one afternoon, after a mad scamper over heath and hill, Mr. Rose was brought home senseless from a fall, from the effects of which he never recovered.

Leaving a penitential letter, which he signed with some promises as none are so ready to make as those who contemplate no reform, Murdoch left Roseburn for Inverness, whence he speedily departed to join his regiment. Henrietta read the plethora of protestations with a cold heart and a contemptuous lip; she felt that she had never loved the man, and cared not to think of him. Her father died within a few weeks after the accident, and, but for the generous precautions of Mrs. Cameron, Henrietta would have been almost a beggar. Her father died insolvent, Roseburn was hers no longer, and before the year was over, fresh disclosures and discoveries were made of the utter profligacy of the absent lieutenant, which induced her to despatch a letter to him, putting a complete end to all mutual speculation, and settling between them. In the course of time she heard that his relations in Inverness had received intelligence of his promotion, but that he had been compelled to sell out. Habits of inebriety had become so frequent that he was advised to quit the army, as the only means of escape from impending expulsion by court-martial—a severe wound in the head, received in action and whilst gallantly encouraging his advancing men, entitled him to some degree of favour, and he was allowed to sell his commission. He came home—a total wreck and his relatives ascribed his dissipated habits, which they termed eccentricity, to insanity; but the truth of the matter was that he was a confirmed drunkard. There is a class of pseudo-benevolent apologists for vice, who rank all vices as proofs of insanity; it is a false and dangerous theory, for insanity is a disease of the intellectual nature; whereas vice, having no taint of the insane, is wholly evidence of moral disorder.

Henrietta Rose had retired with her aged relative to a neat little cottage near Dingwall, and a most unwelcome visitor there was Captain Murdoch! He denied having received her letter, and urged his suit with indelicate obstinacy that would listen to no word of denial or rebuke. Absolutely and civilly Henrietta acquainted him with her full cognizance of his misconduct, and declaring that she neither loved nor esteemed him, requested him to withdraw. The scene that ensued was terrible. Murdoch retired a few hours, but returned in such a state of frantic intoxication that Miss Rose was obliged to summon the assistance of some men who were working in the fields near her cottage, and it was only by force that he was ejected from her disturbed dwelling. In the greatest alarm of repeated intrusion she accepted the invitation of a worthy minister, whose manse, situated in a wild hilly country, was some miles from Dingwall, and here she and her cousin owed the enjoyment of several tranquil weeks to the hospitality of her host and his wife.

But the time was close at hand when tranquillity was to be dispelled. One fine forenoon in early August, Miss Henny, who had been walking with the minister through his corn-fields—beginning to yellow in the late harvest of Ross-shire—saw him at a little booth in the glen, where a sick parishioner claimed his kind offices, whilst she pursued her way up a steep rocky path that led to a mountain cairn, said to be the last resting-place of a celebrated robber who there met his death in the olden time. She would not have visited this spot, where Mr. Murdoch promised to join her, and she had reached it and sat herself down to rest her limbs wearied with the ascent, whilst she admiringly surveyed the extent of wild and romantic country visible from her exalted position. The cairn was nothing but a huge accumulation of grey stones, singularly enough placed on a jutting corner of the rock, which in this place was completely bare of vegetation, though beneath it verdure flourished rankly at a great depth, nurtured by the irrigation of a brown hill stream which no summer's heat had power to drink up. Opposite the cairn, across the narrow gully or ravine, there was a long stretch of steep cliff—land so high, indeed, as the promoter of what Henrietta rested herself, but shabby with tufted shrubs and hazel trees laden with ripening nuts. Along the sides of these braes ran a little track that led as well as the steeper path by which she had ascended to the cairn, extending laterally behind it and diverging thence into several branches. As Henny sat there, she was aware of a movement among the hazels on the opposite ridge, and presently saw a figure emerge from the coppice, into which, however, it again disappeared. She thought no more of it, concluding it to be some peasant looking for early nuts, and had, indeed, reverted to meditations that were seldom idle or selfish, whilst she beheld the sun shining brightly on a sea of green, and the pressure of rude hands on her shoulders, frightened her into the utterance of a shrill cry, reiterated when she found herself held by Murdoch, his eyes inflamed by drink or delirium, his dress in ragged disorder, and his hands and face distorted by filth and neglect.

After the first intensity of her terror had in some degree subsided, finding that her struggles to release herself were in vain, she endeavoured to soothe him by gentle entreaties; but he continued to laugh the idiotic laugh of drunkenness, as he insisted on carrying her down the cliff in his arms. "You are a fine bird," said he; "you break no more promises with me, for if you do not let me carry you now to the minister down there to be married, I swear to you that I'll jump with you in my arms down from the cairn to the glen!" And as he spoke, he lifted her in his arms, till she shuddered lest she should indeed be tempted to put his threat into execution. At that moment a shot was fired at no great distance, and Murdoch's grasp relaxed for a moment. In the next, Henrietta had extricated herself at the expense of her dress, a portion of which remained in his hands, staggered wildly on her feet, and sprang to the edge of the cliff on which rested the outward part of the cairn, and found herself in a position so perilous that her brain whirled as she gazed around her. In advance of her, at a very few paces distance, the path ended abruptly, in a mass of slaty perpendicular cliffs, which she could either ascend nor pass; below her descended the bare sheet of rock, at least sixty feet; the cairn divided her from her assailant, and already he was near at hand, for, as she stood panting on the narrow space which lay between her and destruction, he appeared at the top of the cairn, and in another moment was again beside her.

As he lunched slowly, looking to the opposite ridge of hazel, Henrietta's eyes fell upon the form of Mr. Matheson, and she uttered a cry for help. He was proceeding slowly to join her by the track across the glen which conducted to the cairn through the hazel copse. He heard her cry, and saw her situation; but the circuitous nature of the path would prevent him from reaching her in less than ten minutes, and in ten minutes what might not happen? But he hurried on, whilst a fearful struggle commenced on that dangerous mountain-side. Henrietta was robust and muscular, and, in repelling Murdoch's attempt to seize her, she was not without success, and she fought with a force so convulsive, that, his feet at the same time coming against a block of rugged slate, he slipped and fell on his knees, dragging her down with him, until her head almost rested on his shoulder. As they thus wrestled, both panting, both silent, two other individuals appeared on the spot so recently occupied by the minister, and the spectacle they beheld seemed to rivet them in terror to the ground they stood on. They beheld what Murdoch himself had no cognizance of; they saw that he knelt on the very brink of the precipice, to which his back was turned, and down which glared the terrified eyes of Henrietta, in full expectation of his plunging down. At that instant one of these spectators, impelled by some impulse, and in opposition to the desire of his comrade, raised his frowning-piece, and, leveling at the cairn directly above where Murdoch and his victim crouched, discharged it with a loud report, which then, as before, had the effect of loosening Murdoch's grasp. Suddenly withdrawing her hold of his wrist, she pushed him from her with her whole force, and fell back herself, insensible, on the rock. Fortunately insensibility for it saved her from the fate which awaited Murdoch, whose left arm, shaken from her by the fall, was not without effect in catching her, and she thus clung to his body. He started on his feet, the better to regain his hold of her, but, heedless of the chasm behind him, stepped back, and fell!

When they came to look for him they found but his body—a shattered and formless mass!

Henrietta was conveyed, in a deep swoon, by Mr. Matheson and the two gentlemen, who happened to be neighbours, to the manse, where for many days a violent brain fever threatened her life. But she recovered, as we know, although for many, many years, she was afflicted with the "Staggers," which yielded at length to time and the pious reasonings of kind and judicious friends. She became at last convinced that she was no murderer; and, in rising the true uses of affliction, that it is sinful to forget our duties to others in our indulgence of selfish sorrows, she became gradually the cheerful, charitable, busy, and helpful Christian we all loved so well.

Dear Miss Henny was eighty-four years of age when a short illness carried her off; but she retained her senses to the last, submissively enduring the pains of a severe agony, and resting with a cheerful faith on the obligations of a creed which fortifies us in weakness and soothes us in sorrow.

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

SHAKESPEARE, with that intuitive perception which in him was so remarkable, sometimes hits off a characteristic difference in a single word. Not seldom, he illustrates, in this manner, the entire distinction between two nations. Thus, in regard to the French and English character, the *Dauphin*, in "Henry VI.," is made by him to demand of Sir William Lucy—

On what submissive measure art thou sent?

Whereof the latter, in the true spirit of his country, replies—

Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;  
We English warriors would not want it usages.

Herein consists the superior independence shown in the history of the English people, compared with that of the French. In the world's revolutions, it is England that has set the example; those of France, with the exception of this last unprincipled Napoleon demonstration, have been but re-enactments of dramas which had been previously rehearsed on the English stage. The people of England will not tolerate the notion of subordination, but have ever been the first, in modern history, to cast off the yoke of oppression. They have no patience with tyranny, and take the earliest opportunity of declaring their determination to be free. But this determination implies a previous state of mind—the possession of the highest faculties in the individuals who composed the nation—the whole of those qualities that go to constitute manhood or bravery. There is, in particular, a self-concentration implied—a personal reliance on interior conviction—and a correlative resistance to mere authority, which remarkably distinguishes an Englishman. It is the truth that makes him free, it is because it makes him, at the same time, independent; and he knows truth, not by report, but because he is a true man. An Englishman, in this respect, as an incarnation (so to speak) of truth, becomes as it were an oracle to his race; and thus it is that he takes the initiative in the march of Freedom.

With the Frenchman it is, for the most part, the reverse of this. He depends much more on the approval of his neighbour, and that in an inverse ratio to his self-esteem. Undecided in his own convictions, and insecure in his own character, he lives rather in the opinion of his fellow-men, than maintains an independent existence of his own. He is a poor actor fretting and strutting his hour on life's stage, who would perish if not applauded. The applause may come from the demons in the pit, the "human mortals" in the boxes, or the gods in the galleries; but it is all the same; it is still applause. Our historians may not commend the praise of a flaxtail, but it will of the call-boy. To most Frenchmen it would be sufficient to utter: There are some who would aim at both, and evince sufficient versatility to secure both. There are time-servers and placemen, who make a point of suiting themselves to their company, and are for the occasion whatever it requires. They live to please, and so that they are pleased in return, seem to themselves to fulfil the duty for which they live.

Perhaps, after all, however, this distinction between the two countries is too broad-based. "There are liars over in Britain" there are also good and honest men in all countries. France possesses many men of moral and intellectual independence; England also harbours many a parasite, many a cretinal.

That let "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat I'll budge.

No doubt, this is the case; nevertheless, let us have been unjust in our national characteristics, our distinction must yet be maintained as between individuals. One man is proud, and another vain. That depends on his own judgment; this depends on his neighbour's appreciation. That works for his own satisfaction; this for the recompense of the world. The former individual will devote himself to a career, even to martyrdom; the latter will seek exclusively his own interest. The one stands alone; the other herds with the crowd; the one erect, like a "column of true majesty," resolved, bold, and unalterable; the other crouching, collapsed, fawning, and ever changing. You can depend upon the one, because he depends upon himself; on the other none can depend, not even himself.

If, however, on the one hand, there is something profoundly derogatory to an exclusive love of approbation, there is, on the other, recently a repulsive and distasteful quality, which is the measure of self-esteem. A character thoroughly amiable will blend the opposite attributes. Men like Wordsworth, who have been blest with the consciousness of superior power, have frequently been found erring by reason of this one-sidedness; while a Goethe, acting in a more social spirit, more readily gained over to himself the suffrages of contemporary intellects. We should respect others as well as ourselves. Society is a bundle of relations; nay, if we believe certain philosophers, the world itself is nothing more—man is nothing more. At all events, we know that "one touch of nature" makes the whole world kin." This "one touch of nature" we let us seek to cultivate, and confer to a common fellowship. Nothing becomes the highest genius so much as the grace of co-existence.

The spirit of liberty itself requires that there should be mutual concessions. Out of these arises the expediency of law. Our spontaneities require regulation. Life is of itself a method, and morality nothing but the manner in which it is spiritually developed. We owe a duty to our interior brethren, which we should be always willing to pay. There is one great reason for this which we should never forget. The generous. The one gifted life from us many a burden; they bear for us the yoke which, if it fell not then, would us. Let us think continually of the saying of the elder Napoleon, "Respect the burden!" The burdens borne by this class are various; some of them of Nature's appointing, the burden of incapacity—what a burden! Some are born loads; mysterious dispensation! Should we not bear with him who had to bear the burden of idiosyncrasy? Then there are the evils imposed by society, such as exclusion from the means of knowledge. The highly-gifted should bear with the different degrees of ignorance. Let that respect which they are teachers, never admit of their being treated as should be doubly on the one part, there should be amenity on the other. The crowd, too, as deficient in self-reliance, are especially open to the love of approbation; of this the teacher may take advantage. We would not, therefore, have the British people flattered, as if they were a French mob; but we would have the truth spoken to them, only in a spirit of condescension, and also such commendation bestowed on their efforts as their earnestness might merit. And thus by a reciprocation of the charities, the greatest amount of benefit may be realised, both to the man of superior talents and those whom he would have to be his disciples.

To superior genius, after all, the task ought not to be a hard one. As a productive power, its highest acts are the offspring of spontaneous benevolence. Let the same sentiment be carried out in its other relations and to its ultimate results, and the desirable harmony—the octave of the high and low—will be simultaneously produced.

There are, of course, other attributes besides those I have mentioned, by which character is distinguishable. Our faculties are legion; they are indeed infinite for number, and ex-actitude. It is on this account that respect for the individual must be the perfect condition; so that we fail to perceive any in the integrity of his nature. Every individual thus falls short of the standard of humanity. This every specimen is incomplete, because whatever faculties are exhibited, many more are concealed. Here, then, the highest and lowest are reduced to a sort of equality. Neither realizes the ideal perfection of which man, in the aggregate, is held to be capable; but every man puts forth the general idea only in parts and fragments. This sense of general defect would teach humility even to the richest. In nature's fortune, no man is perfect. There is no perfect creature (to use a Platonian phrase) of this defect. It is a development of certain faculties to the prejudice of others—a manifestation of aptitude in some particular direction. Let us reflect that this is a phenomenon sometimes significantly exemplified in man; and that the extremes of intellectual energy and weakness meet in a common property. For both there is evidently an appointed channel. Take either out of its appropriate elements, and it perishes; neither can exchange its sphere with the other; and, doubtless, the idiosyncrasy with the idiosyncrasy. As his task is to be a teacher, so as to be a preceptor, he is to be understood. The scale of both in Creation is marked, the end of both determined, by one and the same great Authority and Original.









## ENGLISH SONGS & MELODIES.

THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR H. R. BISHOP, KNT.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

[GRATIS.]

### SONGS.

#### THE BARLEY AND THE HOP.

[AIR—"The Curly-headed Ploughboy."]

I.

'Twas in the morning early,  
The grass was wet with dew,  
That young and lusty Barley  
Went o'er the fields to woo.  
His cheek was like the cherry,  
His beard like threaded gold,  
His laugh was loud and merry,  
His step was brisk and bold.  
He sought his lady, smiling,  
And falling on his knee,  
Exclaim'd, "Without beguiling,  
I've come to marry thee!"

II.

Oh, modest was the maiden,  
And comely to be seen,  
Her robes of green array'd in,  
And gemm'd with diamond sheen.  
Her hair, in ringlets yellow,  
Hung clust'ring o'er her eyes;  
Her breath was sweet and mellow,  
Like balm of summer skies.  
"Sweet maid!" quoth he, "thy beauty  
Excels the flaunting Vine!  
To love thee is a duty;  
I die to make thee mine!"

III.

All blushing to behold him,  
She strove to answer, "Nay!"  
But softly whispering, told him  
To name the happy day.  
Hop shook her golden tresses,  
The bearded Barley sprang,  
And birds in green recesses  
Their bridal chorus sang.  
Long may this couple flourish  
In ev'ry frothing can,  
Our drooping strength to nourish,  
And cheer the heart of man!

#### IF HIS HEART NEVER THROBB'D WITH AFFECTION.

[AIR—"Poor Robin's Maggot;" or, "If the Heart of a Man."]

I.

If his heart never throbb'd with affection sincere,  
If his eyes never glisten'd with sympathy's tear,  
If still unrelenting  
To guilt, that repenting  
Implored him, with sobs, not to strike, but to hear;  
Untarnish'd his fame and his honour may shine,  
And the praises of thousands his worth may enshrine;  
But I shall not, I may not,  
I will not, I dare not,  
Consent to receive him as lover of mine.

II.

But if he be modest, pure-minded, and true,  
If from faults of his own his best sympathies grew;

If warm in his feeling,  
To Sorrow appealing,  
He pities and loves where the harsh might pursue;  
Unknown to the world, he may wander apart,  
At the sound of his name no applauses may start;  
But I shall not, I may not,  
I will not, I dare not,  
Refuse him my friendship, my hand, and my heart.

#### I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESS'D.

[AIR—"Hey, Boys, up! o we J"]

..

I LAY in sorrow, deep distress'd:  
My grief a proud man heard;  
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
But not a kindly word.  
My sorrow pass'd;—I paid him back  
The gold he gave to me;  
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
And bless'd his Charity.

II.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:  
A poor man pass'd my way;  
He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
He watch'd me night and day.  
How shall I pay him back again  
For all he did to me?  
Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
Is heavenly Sympathy.

### NOTES ON THE MELODIES BY SIR H. R. BISHOP.

#### THE BARLEY AND THE HOP.

"THE CURLY-HEADED PLOUGH-BOY," who "whistled o'er the lea," is one of those pleasing airs with which our highly-gifted and truly national composer, William Shield, has enriched the music of his country. It was written for the musical entertainment called *The Farmer*, which was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1798. Of the merits of Shield as a composer it has been very justly remarked, that "he struck out for himself a style of writing, pure, chaste, and original. His prominent characteristic, however, is simplicity. No composer has ever woven so few notes into such sweet and impressive melodies, while the construction of the bass and harmony is alike natural, easy, and unaffected. We cannot open one of his operas without being instantly captivated with this quality of his music. In such delightful entertainments as *Marian* and *Rosina*, his airs breathe all the freshness, and purity, and beauty of rural life. Ballads, in all the different modes of sentiment and description, abound in his operas; and it is probable that as much of Shield's music will descend to posterity, carrying with it the intrinsic marks of English genius, as of any other writer since the days of Arne."

#### IF HIS HEART NEVER THROBB'D WITH AFFECTION.

"POOR ROBIN'S MAGGOT;" OR, "IF THE HEART OF A MAN."—This is one of the many beautiful airs selected by Gay for *The Beggar's Opera*. The earliest title of it we are able to trace is "Poor Robin's

Maggot," or fancy; under which name it appears in *The Dancing Master*, a collection of dance-tunes, the first edition of which was published in 1650. The construction of the melody would however warrant the belief that it is much more ancient than the date of that work. A slightly altered version of it was published in *The Convivial Songster*, of 1782, to the song entitled "Would you win a young Virgin;" and is identical with that to which Gay, in 1720, wrote Macbeth's song in *The Beggar's Opera*, "If the Heart of a Man is depress'd with cares."

#### I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESS'D.

"HEY, BOYS, UP! O WE J," from which this air has been taken, was one of the dance-tunes published about the middle of the seventeenth century, in Playford's *Dancing Master*. In the following century we meet with it in several of the ballad-operas, words having in each instance been adapted to the music. As a Cavalier song, probably with the words by D'Urfey, it is said to have been honoured with the approbation of Charles the Second. This is very doubtful; but even were it not, from that monarch's little feeling for English music, it may be surmised that the Royalist words formed the principal merit of the song in his estimation. The judicious alteration of the original measure from jig-time to what is technically termed common-time has been followed in the present instance, to the manifest improvement of the air, which affords another proof of the adaptability of many of our old and almost forgotten "tunes" to worthier purposes than those to which they have been hitherto applied.





## THE BARLEY AND THE HOP.

*Gaily, but not too quick.*

Air, "THE CURLY-HEADED PLOUGHBOY."

First system of musical notation for piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

Second system of musical notation, including the first line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Twas in the morn-ing ear - ly, The grass was wet with dew, That young and lus - ty Bar - ley Went. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Third system of musical notation, including the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: o'er the fields to woo. His cheek was like the cher - ry, His beard like thread-ed gold, His laugh was loud and. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo).



mer - ry, His step was brisk and bold. He sought his la - dy, smil - ing, And fall - ing on his

*mf* *p* *rall.*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and piano (p).

knee, Exclaim'd, "Without be - guil - ing, I've come to mar - ry thee!"

*slower* *tempo primo* *mf* *f* *mf* *ff*

This system contains the second line of the song. The tempo changes from 'rall.' to 'slower' and then back to 'tempo primo'. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf), forte (f), mezzo-forte (mf), and fortissimo (ff).

Oh, mo - dest was the maid - en, And come - ly to be seen, Her robes of green ar - ray'd in, And

*p*

This system contains the third line of the song. The piano part features a prominent arpeggiated accompaniment. The dynamic is marked piano (p).

gemm'd with dia - mond sheen. Her hair, in ring - lets yel - low, Hung clus - t'ring o'er her eyes; Her breath was sweet and

*cres.*

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The piano part continues with the arpeggiated accompaniment. The dynamic is marked crescendo (cres.).

mel - low, Like balm of sum - mer skies. "Sweet maid," quoth he, "thy beau - ty Ex - cels the flaunt - ing

*mf* *p* *rall.*

This system contains the fifth line of the song. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and piano (p).

Vine! To love thee is a du - ty; I die to make thee mine."

*slower* *tempo primo* *mf* *f* *mf* *ff*

This system contains the sixth line of the song. The tempo changes from 'rall.' to 'slower' and then back to 'tempo primo'. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf), forte (f), mezzo-forte (mf), and fortissimo (ff).



All blush-ing to be - hold him, She strove to an - swer "Nay!" But soft - ly whisp'-ring told him To

*p*

name the hap - py day. Hop shook her gold - en tress - es, The beard-ed Bar - ley sprang, And birds in green re -

*rf*

*cres.*

cess - es Their bri - dal cho - rus sang. Long may this cou - ple flou - rish In ev' - ry froth-ing

*with energy*

*mf* *p*

can, Our drooping strength to nou - rish, And cheer the heart of man.

*cres.* *mf* *f*



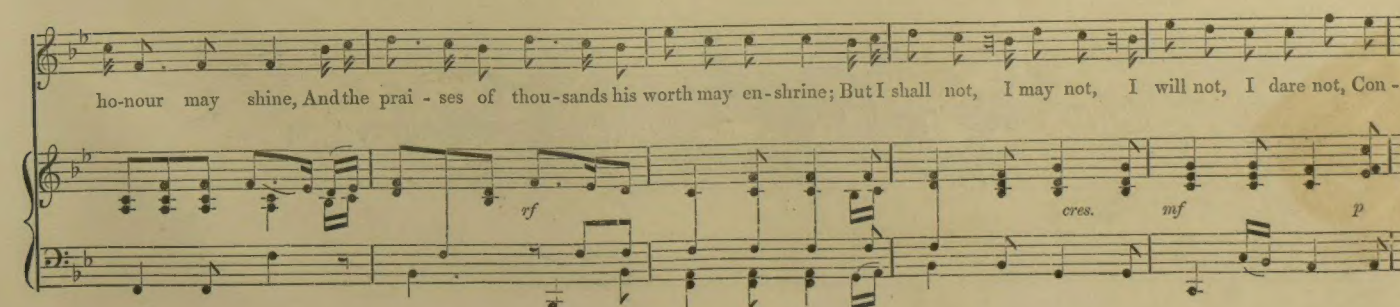
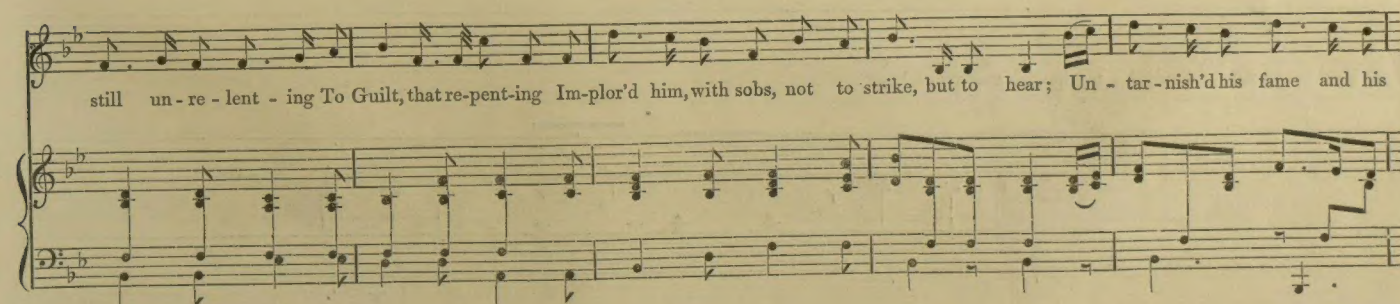
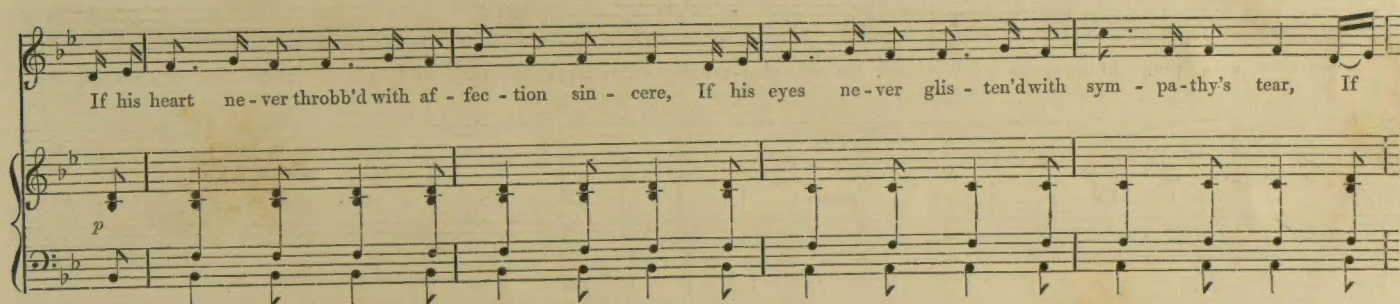
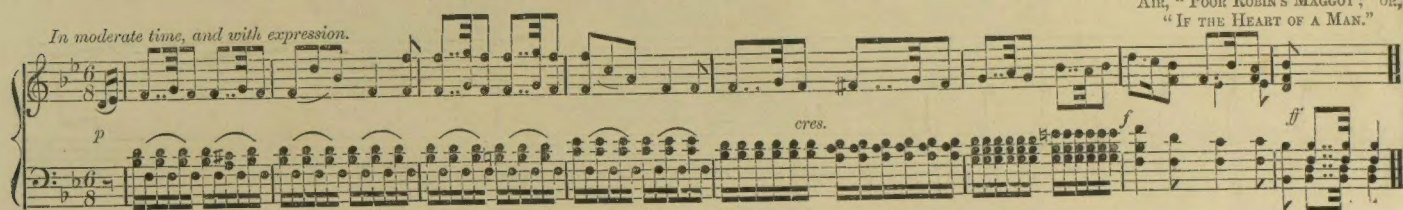




# IF HIS HEART NEVER THROBB'D WITH AFFECTION.

AIR, "POOR ROBIN'S MAGGOT;" OR,  
"IF THE HEART OF A MAN."

*In moderate time, and with expression.*





sent to re-ceive him as lov-er of mine.

But if he be mo-dest, pure-mind-ed, and true, If from faults of his own his best sym-pa-thies grew; If

warm in his feel-ing, To Sor-row ap-peal-ing, He pi-ties and loves where the harsh might pur-sue; Un-known to the world, he may

wan-der a-part, At the sound of his name no ap-plau-ses may start; But I shall not, I may not, I will not, I dare not, Re-

fuse him my friendship, my hand, and my heart.







*With expression, but not too slow.*

*p* *f e marcato.* *p*

Air, "HEY, BOYS, UP GO WE."

I lay in sor - row, deep dis-tress'd; My grief a proud man heard: His looks were cold, he

gave me gold, But not a kind - ly word. My sor - row pass'd;—I paid him back The gold he gave to

me; Then stood e-rect and spoke my thanks, And bless'd his Cha - ri - ty. Then stood e-rect and

*mf* *p* *mf*



spoke my thanks, And bless'd his Cha - ri - - ty.

*p* *f e marcato.* *p*

I lay in want, in grief and pain; A poor man pass'd my way: He bound my head, he

gave me bread, He watch'd me night and day. How shall I pay him back a - gain For

all he did to me? Oh, gold is great, but great - er far Is heaven - ly Sym - pa -

*cres.* *mf* *p*

thy! Oh, gold is great, but great - er far Is heaven - ly Sym - pa - thy!

*cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *p*

